

the **LINK**

May 1958

PAT BOONE'S BIG QUESTION

WHAT IS LOVE?

CHRISTIAN VIEW OF SEX

A PROTESTANT JOURNAL FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL





Pat Boone's delightful family. Left to right: Linda Lee, Cheryl Lynn, Shirley, Debrah Ann, and Pat. The fourth girl, a recent addition to the family.



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STORIES

LAST MAN OUT	Arlene Hale	14
A CUPID NAMED CLARENCE	Gillette Jones	32
A TIME FOR HEROES	Joseph J. Walthers	48
THE CAMEO	Harold Helfer	56

ARTICLES

PAT BOONE'S BIG QUESTION	Gaspard St. Onge	3
A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF SEX	William Hamilton	8
WHAT IS LOVE?	Roy A. Burkhart	20
BIG EVENT COMING UP IN TOKYO	Russell F. Harrison	24
A STORY IN GLASS	Harold Helfer	30
A DATE OR A MATE?	James B. Ashbrook	37
BASEBALL—THEN AND NOW	Edna Albrecht	40
HOW TO GET ALONG WITH YOUR MATE	Robert A. Gessert	45
DEVELOPING A CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN TODAY'S WORLD ...	Karl A. Olsson	52
EMILY—WHITE APACHE	Norman Wells	59

REGULAR FEATURES

LETTER FROM HOME	Minnie May Lewis	22
PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS FOR MAY		63
AT EASE!		64

COVERS

Front: A Military Wedding

Back: The Family on a Picnic

Inside Front: Pat Boone's Delightful Family

Inside Back: Tribute to Mother, Louis C. Williams

ART WORK: Outside covers and inside illustrations by Stanton V. Levy

God and Your Home

The home is not what it used to be. Those quiet evenings around the fireplace with delightful conversation and buttered popcorn are gone for most people. This is an age of speed, and mad rush, and we take little time for real togetherness.

And we cannot turn the clock back. But we can—we must—preserve the values of the Christian home: trust in one another; mutual understanding and respect; real comradeship and love. These are the true ingredients for successful homes in a modern setting; homes where children can grow up without fear and with faith.

Yes faith! In the beginning God set the human race in families. God ought to be at the center of every home. The home and the church must work together to teach Christian truth. If Christianity won't work in the small area of the home, how can we say we have the answer to the ills of the world?

Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

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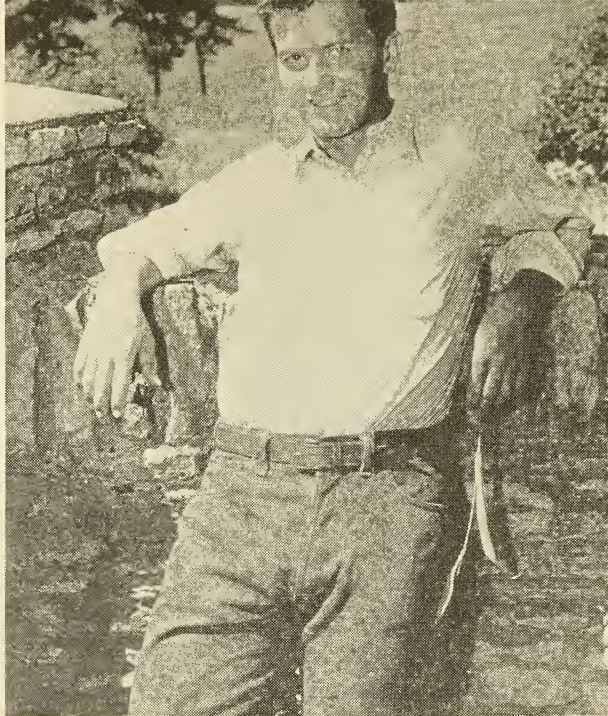
Pat Boone

in a striking

informal pose;

scene from

"April Love"



20th Century-Fox

Pat Boone's Big Question

By GASPARD ST. ONGE

Christian young man who works with "three" hands

REAMS have been written about the busy feminine movie stars who rise at five in the morning and work until ten at night.

Not to dim the luster of these lovely ladies, but just to set the record straight, consider the case of Pat Boone, movie, radio, record, and television star.

Pat is taking a heavy schedule of work at Columbia University, New York. He is starred on a TV network show that requires long hours of rehearsal every week. He and his wife are the parents of four children who make demands on his time. While "resting," he often makes a fast run to Chicago for record cuttings. He

has given numerous benefits. And last winter, when an ailing neighbor wasn't up to it, Pat wielded the shovel after each snow storm to open his friend's driveway.

But Pat is used to "working with three hands." As a high school student, he often worked on the side, taught Sunday school, was emcee of a high school program on a Nashville radio station, was cartoonist for the high school paper, captain of the baseball team, holder of four letters in sports. During his "spare time" at home he washed dishes, mowed the lawn and milked the family cow, Rosemary.

Still Pat will tell you that things come easy for him.

"I didn't have to struggle a great deal before things started coming my way," says this boy of twenty-three who is making millions.

Although singing is the core of his career, he admits that he "never studied music and today I can't read music."

However, he has a natural talent that masters the mechanics of music and a mellow baritone voice that needs very little culture.

Some time ago Pat's name was linked to rock 'n' roll. But Pat's not a rock 'n' roll singer. Neither his voice, his style, nor his temperament are of the rock 'n' roll variety.

In fact, Pat rose to fame despite the impediments brought about by that kind of music. A few years ago a cry of anguish went up from ministers, educators, and judicial leaders to the effect that rock 'n' roll was driving the nation's youth to the dogs, that delinquency was largely

the result of *that* music. Its advocates disagreed, of course.

Into this controversy stepped Pat Boone, clean-cut and moral, to prove that the nation's youth had not hit the rocks. This he did with the warm and tender, the gentle and wholesome art of the ballad singer.

Pat sings without effort. The talent is there in such abundance there is no need for strain. His is an art of the highest order because it is devoid of artifice.

HIS art also has been tempered by morality and faith. Pat can still recall his parents' admonition to stand by the things he was taught in Sunday school, by the principles he acquired from the Bible. He can still hear his mother telling friends: "We've tried to give all of our children a thorough religious training. There have been times when we had to apply the rod for emphasis."

Pat's own feeling on the matter is simple and to the point. He puts it this way: "My religion has taught me the doctrine which constantly guides my life—Is it right?"

"Right is determined for me mostly by what the Bible says it is and how my parents live it. Before doing something I ask myself these questions: Will it have a bad effect on others? Will it have a good effect on others? Will it violate my conscience?"

Even where money is concerned principle comes first. A while ago Pat was asked to record a song the words of which he regarded as slightly suggestive. He said no. Another singer did the job with some changes



ABC-TV

Love that malt! Pat Boone and Anna Maria Alberghetti. Anna Maria was a guest on one of Pat's ABC-TV programs

in the lyrics. It sold more than a million records, just as Pat thought it would; but he didn't care, he'd been true to his principles. He was able to look at himself in the mirror and respect the man he saw.

Some sincere church people see too much evil in the entertainment world, but Pat has this to say: "Church people must live among entertainers so they can see that entertainers, like other people, are human, moral, and religious, too. Religion doesn't rob you of joy."

Pat says that his religion has been "fundamental in holding our family in close unity."

So let's go back to the start of that family, the heartthrobs and

the heartaches, the joys and the sorrows it experienced.

Pat Boone and Shirley Foley were high school sweethearts in Nashville, Tennessee. Shirley is the daughter of singing star Red Foley, whose name is synonymous with radio's "Grand Ol' Opry" and TV's "Country Music Jubilee."

Pat's mother and father knew, of course, that their son was going steady with Shirley but brushed it off as "puppy love." At least, they brushed it off until there were signs of seriousness. Then Pat's mother voiced objections. These kids were too young to think about getting married, she felt. They should finish school. Besides, Pat couldn't support a wife.

The objections were so strong that Pat and Shirley decided to stop going steady. But this was not so easy. There were secret meetings. While Pat told Shirley to have other dates, there was no side romancing on his part.

This may have led to the false rumors that have been circulated regarding Pat that he had never looked at another girl, never squired another damsel, never spoken silly nothings into other attentive ears.

That is not true. Pat *has* looked at a lot of girls. What he does object to is promiscuous kissing. For example, on the Fox lot in Hollywood where he made *April Love* someone suggested that a kissing scene between Pat and his leading lady, Shirley Jones, be added to the script, merely to advertise "Pat Boone's first screen kiss." Pat kindly but firmly said no.



20th Century-Fox

Happy carousel couple. Pat Boone and Shirley Jones in a scene from the picture "April Love." Shirley was the girl Pat refused to kiss for publicity purposes

BUT to get back to Pat and Shirley Foley. After they were engaged a solid bond developed between the two that has never been broken or even strained.

When parental disapproval put a roadblock in their marriage plans, after four years of courtship, they ran off to a nearby town, had the knot tied, and returned to confront their parents with a *fait accompli*!

Mom threw in the towel.

She was hardly able to argue effectively. Hadn't she eloped with that

tall and handsome Archie Boone all those yesterdays ago and lived to cherish every idyllic moment since?

Following the marriage, Pat and Shirley lived for a short while with Pat's parents during which time a strong bond of friendship developed between Shirley and her mother-in-law.

But when fortune crooked a finger, Pat and Shirley left for Texas. There a job awaited Pat at WPAB-TV in Fort Worth. The job, however, was but a meager beginning. Besides, the

old rat race that demanded he do three things at once was still in high gear.

Pat enrolled at North Texas State Teachers College to study by day, sing by night, and do the home chores when he had a chance.

Reminiscing today, he affords a glimpse of his light-hearted nature and the optimism which seasons his personality.

"I can't really say those were hard times. Hard times may only seem that way to people who don't realize the true value of what they actually possess. Though I was bringing home only \$44.50 a week and we were eating hamburgers twice a day, we didn't feel we were having it too hard. We were thankful for what we had."

The hamburger diet didn't last too long. With the applause of Texas fans ringing in his ears, Pat went to New York for an Arthur Godfrey contest, won it, and got a contract offer from Dot Records.

His first record, "Two Hearts," landed in the top ten on all the record seller charts.

Says Pat: "It was well worth the bus fare I borrowed to get to Chicago where Dot Records was operating."

Godfrey, no amateur in the scouting game, knew that Pat had the gift. He signed the young singer for his CBS show. But still concerned about his education, Pat enrolled at Columbia University.

That was in the fall of 1955. Besides being a college student, Pat was now a network artist, a maker of personal appearances, a record waxer, and the father of a growing family.

In January of 1957, Pat signed a seven-million-dollar contract (a million a year) with Twentieth Century Fox and just a month later put his name on a million-dollar-a-year dotted line for ABC-TV. He has made two pictures for Fox, *Bernadine*, and *April Love*. His network show is among the highest rated in TV. And he has made records that hit the four million mark.

He will get his Bachelor of Science degree at Columbia this summer after which a number of things could happen. He may go for a master's degree. He may decide to teach. He may become a minister. Or, he may produce educational films.

But come what may, and regardless of the road he travels, there will always be one guiding signpost: "Is it right?" ■ ■

ARE WE LIVING HALF A LIFE? —————

"We have been living half a life. We have been developing our appetites—but we have been starving our purposes. We have been concerned with bigger salaries, bigger television screens, bigger cars—and now, with bigger missiles—instead of with the big ideas on which our lives and freedoms depend."

—NORMAN COUSINS, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

A CHRISTIAN

Why does the Christian

THERE is no Christian sexual ethic, in the sense that we have a clear group of premises, biblical or theological, from which we can derive precise guidance for the sexual life. But this is no news; there is perhaps no Christian ethic at all in that sense. But there does seem to be emerging today a Christian way of looking at the sexual crisis of our times. This way is distinguishable from the approaches of medicine, psychiatry and sociology, though it is always grateful for these. The Christian, I suspect, accepts two ground rules for his investigation, and these serve more as reminders than as ethical norms in the technical sense.

One is the general demand for sexual discipline that we find in the New Testament ethic. To affirm this we need not decide about the New Testament definition of adultery, the relation of the external act to the inner motive, or about the extent to

which the radical prohibition of divorce is qualified in the development of the life of the early church. A life of sexual discipline is a clear mark of the citizen of the kingdom of God. The other ground rule is the message of forgiveness that Jesus so often extends to the prostitute.

It would be unwise to let either of these two ground rules obscure the other. Moralistic Protestantism has always seen the first one even though it has rarely known how to state it persuasively. But it has almost consistently forgotten the second. But post- or anti-moralistic Protestantism has often been inclined to ride the second at the expense of the first: to let the message of forgiveness too quickly relativize all standards of sexual practice. Are we not now at a time when this double imbalance can be straightened out?

Young people are seriously asking, what is the Christian attitude of dating, petting and the like? Perhaps here we can say too much, but we can also say too little. A healthy suspicion of human nature in court-

Condensed from an article, "Moralism and Sex Ethics: A Defense," by William Hamilton which appeared originally in *Christianity and Crisis*. Reprinted with permission of publishers and author

VIEW OF SEX

uphold pre-marital chastity?

ship is very useful. Courtship, with all of its questions about appropriate physical expressions, can easily bring out a man's desire to impose himself on another, and a girl's desire to enhance her own self-esteem by attracting the physical presence of a man in certain specific ways.

But another thing needs to be said. Physical expressions between young couples dating or in love are good things and are to be granted their place. It is true enough that the usual gestures of affection are similar to those gestures that lead up to the sexual act itself. Yet there can be a difference if there is mutual trust and respect.

The question of pre-marital chastity is really what lurks in and behind all other questions, and it might be useful to narrow our concern to this one problem of sex ethics.

Of course moralists have always been defending pre-marital chastity. But have the traditional defenses been good enough? Haven't we generally relied on the fear of conception or the fear of disease? Today most young people bent on prom-

iscuity know that these dangers can ordinarily be avoided with a certain amount of caution. We have spoken vaguely about the sanctity of marriage, but we have never succeeded in being either clear or convincing about this.

Both the New Testament message about Jesus and the theological doctrines of creation, incarnation and resurrection, help us to affirm the goodness of the physical dimension of life. How then do we proceed from this to a defense of pre-marital chastity?

I am going to suggest three lines of thought that have been helpful to me at this point.

1. *Sexual intercourse is an act of union in which each person does something to the other.* This is partly what Paul means when he writes: "Do you know that he who joins himself to a prostitute becomes one body with her?" (1 Cor. 6:16). Sexual intercourse is an act; it is doing something. It is not a case of an active male and a passive female; both participate in this action. Nor is it merely an abstract doing of

something; it is doing something to the other person. The result of this act, Paul suggests, is union—becoming one body or one flesh. This union takes place even in relationships that are not taken seriously, even in promiscuous sexual relationships. The fact of union is quite independent of the attitude of the two persons involved. Whether one wills it or not, an act of sexual intercourse binds one to the other person. The act does something that is indelible; the future cannot change it. This other is a person with whom you have shared a radical and sometimes terrifying experience of union.

If this is a true description of the sexual act, what does it have to do with the defense of pre-marital chastity? Just this. Unless this acted parallel of union expresses a total relationship with the other person involved, it is a dishonest act. It is, in fact, an acted lie. Even a relationship with a prostitute, Paul says, involves this fact of union. But here it is dishonest, for a union has been acted out that does not extend to the other relationships with that person. So whenever the sexual act is entered into outside of marriage, it expresses more than either party feels. This is why such acts invariably prompt the participants to feelings of guilt. This guilt is not derived from social taboos; it comes from the recognition that he or she has declared by the act of union an emotion or an attitude that was not truly felt. And when what we do begins to go beyond what we intend or feel, personality disintegration can begin to set in.

To sum up this first point. If sexual intercourse is an act of union in which each person does something to the other, it is appropriately engaged in only in the context of marriage. Marriage alone is a structure that can make all that the act expresses meaningful. Marriage alone is able to contain the free giving and free receiving of the act of union.

2. *Sexual intercourse involves a kind of knowledge about another person and about ourselves that is communicated in no other way.* This does not mean that objective information about another person is communicated through sex. The familiar distinction between personal knowledge or knowledge *of*, and objective knowledge or knowledge *about*, should be recalled here. Some observers have put it this way: in the sexual act we know a "secret" about the other that otherwise we would never have known.

Just what is this knowledge? The simplest way of stating it is this: in the sexual act we know what it means to be a man or a woman, and we also help the other discover what it means to be a man or a woman. We know, for the first time in a clear way, the meaning of our sexuality. The uneasiness, the suspicion, the mystery attending so much of the sexual side of our adolescent and young adult life—this is in principle banished by sexual intercourse. We know ourselves in a way we have never known ourselves before.

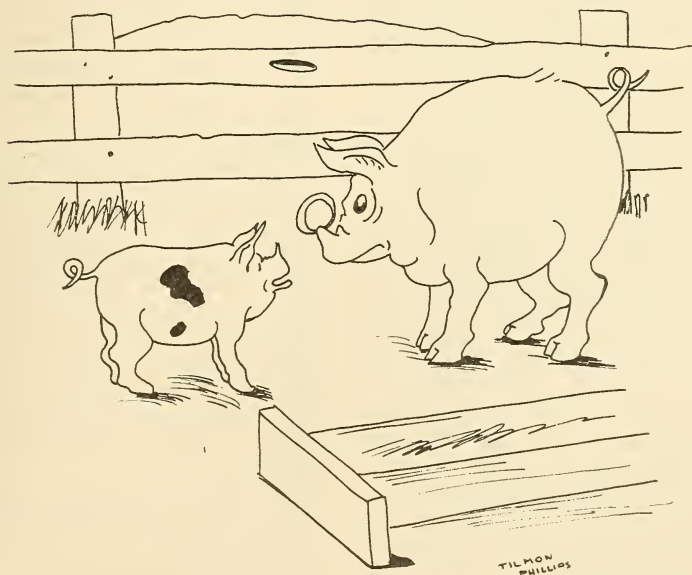
And, more important, we know the other in a way we have never known another person before. This is not objective knowledge. It is

knowledge about the deepest center of his or her life; or what it is to be a woman or a man. In this act of utter self-giving, we know ourselves as whole and fulfilled in a unique way. This truism of personal ethics comes to life in the experience of sex.

If this is the case, what does it have to do with a defense of pre-marital chastity? Just this. If sexual intercourse mediates and makes possible an intimate kind of personal knowledge, it is clear that a very special status must be given to the first experience of the sexual act. If in a marriage it is true that new things are always being learned by a couple truly in love, it is also true

that a decisive importance must be given to the first time this intimate knowledge was ever shared. A man would seem to be bound in an irrevocable way, because of this exchange of knowledge, to that woman who first helped him understand himself as a man. Whether that woman was a prostitute years before his marriage or his wife on the wedding night, the first experience has a unique effect. This seems to me to be a very powerful argument for pre-marital chastity.

The first sexual experience is so different from any other experience that it had better be reserved as a means of symbolizing and giving meaning to marriage. If a man or a



"Mamma, when will I be big enough to wear a ring?"

woman comes to marriage with previous sexual experience with others, there are added elements of guilt that can become real obstacles to the trust and mutuality that an honest marriage demands. If I am bound in an indelible way to the first woman who shows me who I am and what it is to be a man, this is a strong argument indeed for defining the sexual act as one that is possible and free from destructiveness only within marriage.

3. *Sexual intercourse is a symbol of a relationship. Because of its nature, it can appropriately symbolize only a certain kind of relationship.*

All of our human words and gestures bear some kind of meaning. And they can be called appropriate or inappropriate if they convey the meaning we truly intend. We all know people that are able to feel affection for others, but who are unable to express this feeling in words or gesture. We also know people who are infinitely skillful in expressing interest and concern and affection, but who do not really feel what they so glibly express. But the gestures we use do convey a meaning, by the very performing of them, that either may or may not show forth the meaning we actually feel. A handshake between man and wife, an embrace between casual acquaintances—these are inappropriate gestures, for they express less or more than the real relationship warrants.

Sexual intercourse is such a gesture. What does it express? It is impossible to answer this adequately, but should we not begin by saying that it expresses utter self-giving,

complete concern for the other, full willingness to grant the other the place of first importance? This would surely be a minimum description. If this is true, then must we not admit that marriage is the only structure in our society that can bear all of the meaning that this particular symbol conveys? Only in marriage is there mutual dependence, the utter need of one for the other, that is acted out in the sexual act. Thus again we may suggest that this is a further argument for the claim that the sexual act is able to do what it can do for us only in the context of marriage.

One final point may be mentioned about this last line of thought. I have not defined the sexual act as a symbol of love. I find this impossible to do, because I know no way of defining love. This, on human terms, is such an elusive and growing thing that it seems frankly impossible to make use of the word at all in a discussion such as this.

Incidentally, this fact makes it possible for us to defend pre-marital chastity between engaged couples. Now this is an exceedingly complex social and moral problem. Engagements tend to stretch out today, and many young people ask why they should refrain from sexual relationships if they are in love. This problem needs careful and sympathetic attention, and I cannot go into detail here.

It is true that engaged people are "in love" in just the same sense that married couples are on their wedding night. But one decisive thing is different. There is a real difference



Nova Scotia Bureau of Information

True friends enjoy doing wholesome things together. A young couple visits Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia, a place which has been a magnet for snapshooters since the first box cameras

between a couple's relation to each other the night before and the night after the wedding. Before, he was not fully responsible for her, nor was she for him. Each was strongly related to past and to parents. After the wedding, the situation is utterly different. They are now no longer in any true sense independent centers of action. They are no longer two "I's"; they are "we," and this makes all the difference. The very thing that is absent in engagements—utter mutuality and interdependence—is the factor that seems to lie behind the sexual act. Marriage alone, here as before, is a structure that can bear all the meaning that the sexual relation implies. ■ ■

ELUSIVE

"He who had received the five talents went at once and traded with them; and he made five talents more"—Matthew 25:16.

There's a wealth of opportunity For those with brains to find it. There's many a plan pushed to success

When a good man gets behind it.

But Opportunity won't ring your bell—

As a matter of fact he's shy— If you don't go out, and grab his tail

You'll find that he's passed you by.

—S. G. LEBOW, in
Christian Home



LAST MAN OUT

By ARLENE HALE

Big Jim's crisis: Would he "throw" the baseball game to protect his wife and son?

BIG Jim Harris tossed aside the newspaper. The clock ticked away the minutes with tortuous slowness. He jerked himself out of the chair and roamed around the room. He moved to the door and squinted through the screen wire into the summer's brightness.

"You got the jitters?" Lorrie asked. "You've been this way all week."

"No, honey," he said, trying to sound patient. "No more than usual before a big game."

"You'll wow them, like always," Lorrie said happily, her face lighting with confidence.

"Sure," Jim replied automatically. "Where is he? I've got to leave before long."

"I imagine your son is down the street bragging about you to his friends," Lorrie laughed.

Jim winced.

"We ought to put a stop to that."

"He can't help it if he's proud of you," Lorrie said.

Big Jim heard a whoop and looked

out to see a blur of grass-stained denims, scuffed shoes, and a flapping shirttail streaking across the lawn.

"Hi, Dad," Little Jim yelled.

Big Jim's heart thundered, wrenched with an intense and fierce love for this hunk of energy, freckles and devotion that was his own flesh and blood.

"They won't get many hits off you today," Little Jim said confidently, tearing into the house.

"Everybody has a bad day now and then," Big Jim reminded him. "Remember that."

He glanced at his watch. It was time to go. He was glad. The sooner he got it over with, the better.

"We'll see you at the ball park," Lorrie said, flashing him a certain smile she reserved for tough game days.

HE nodded and swung out the door, Little Jim at his heels, throwing a million questions at him. Big Jim backed the car rapidly out to the street. He waved at the two

of them, a smile stuck sickly on his face.

The sunlight shimmered like water on the pavement. It bounced off the trees and buildings and fell, splattering like liquid fire, in the streets. It glinted in blinding flashes off the cars he met.

He was half way to the ball park when he was aware that a gray coupe was following him. Sweat broke out anew on his face. His hands grew clammy on the wheel.

The gray coupe swung along beside him and Bert Haller motioned him over to the curb with a jerk of his fist. Big Jim braked to a stop, gripping the wheel so hard his knuckles showed white and his fingers were numb.



Bert Haller slammed his car door and walked back to him. Bert was a skinny guy, not very tall, thin shouldered. His features were sharp and pointed. His eyes were steel, his mouth hard and straight. His hands were never still, as though his fingers itched to rip out with his bare hands anything he wanted from the world.

Bert leaned against the car, smirking, and Jim gripped the wheel tighter to keep from taking a poke at him.

"Just remember what you're to do today," Bert said.

"How can I forget?" Big Jim replied, fury red and hot in his throat. "You're a rotten—"

"Remember what I told you," Bert cut in harshly. "Every man has a weak spot. Yours is that kid. I hear he thinks his Dad is tops. Just think about him when you're on the mound today."

"Wilkinson may put Ted in or even the rookie—" Big Jim said.

"You'll pitch all right," Bert said coldly.

Bert moved away, climbed into his car and shot down the street. Big Jim let his head sink to his hands. A week ago the nightmare had started. Why hadn't he done something about it then? But what could he have done? Haller had threatened Little Jim and Lorrie. He couldn't risk anything happening to them. Now it was too late. He'd have to go through with it.

THE game started and Big Jim took his place on the mound, fingered the ball, yanked at his cap, sank in his cleats and let go. Strike one!

He put the first man out, one, two, three. He wiped his forehead with his sleeve and faced his second man. This fellow liked them low and inside. He caught Charlie's signal but disregarded it as he pitched the kind of ball the batter liked.

The bat cracked and the ball shot through the air for a base hit. It brought the crowd to its feet. Charlie walked out.

"Jittery?" Charlie asked.

"A little," Big Jim replied. "Control's off all of a sudden."

Charlie walked back, adjusted his mask, crouched down and waited. The next batter struck out, but the third man got a two-base hit. Jim couldn't trust himself to look in Lorie's direction. He knew the kind of look that would be on Little Jim's face.

Big Jim's nerves tightened as he pitched again. The count climbed to two balls, two strikes. There was a runner on second and third. He wiped his hand against his pant leg. He let go. Another hit! The outfield ripped into action but the runner was able to score.

Finally the side was retired. Big Jim watched his own team struggle to score but they couldn't. Jim tried to keep his mind off Bert Haller. The man was like poison creeping into every part of his mind and body.

"You're going to have to hold them," Wilkinson was saying.

Big Jim jerked to attention.

"Control's off," he said lamely.

"Snap into it, boy," Wilkinson replied.

"Sure," Big Jim said.

The innings crept by until it was the top half of the fifth. They were trailing by four runs. Big Jim had given up so many hits he'd lost count. He kept waiting, hoping and praying that Wilkinson would take him out of the game.

Ted could pull them out of the fire. Why didn't Wilkinson do something? He caught Charlie's signal and slammed one across home plate. Strike! He could put this guy out easy if he wanted to. But Haller—Haller waited smug and sure, watching his every move.

Big Jim was in trouble. Wilkinson came out.

"I guess Ted's coming in, huh?" Big Jim asked hopefully.

"Ted can't pitch. He had an accident. Some kind of freak fight. Wrenched his arm pretty bad. The rookie can't handle this game, so it's all yours, Jim."

Wilkinson walked away. Jim felt the blood drain out of him. The sun made red spots before his eyes. The ump was yelling to play ball.

Big Jim was remembering Haller's voice, sure and chilly, saying, "You'll play all right." Haller'd made sure of it.

Now the choice was all Jim's. Play the game straight and take his chances on his son's being harmed by Haller; or play the game crooked as he had been doing and thus assure escape. The thought of what might happen to Little Jim and Lorie made his blood run cold.

PLAY ball!" the ump yelled.

Big Jim nodded to Charlie's signal and put all he had behind his fast ball. Strike! Big Jim grinned. Could he hear Little Jim's yell above all the others? It seemed so. He glanced in his son's direction. Then he thought, After all if he doesn't have an honest world to grow up in, what matters if he escapes now?

He took a deep breath. He could save the game. It would take some doing, but he'd do it. He called together all the strength in his powerful arm. The sun scorched down on him, the murmur of the crowd washed against him and the last thing he thought of was Lorie and

Little Jim. After that there was nothing in his mind but the game, the plate, the batter, Charlie's glove waiting.

The crowd caught his fever, they shared every tingling moment he was on the mound. He retired the side in short order and it was a new game. He was on fire.

Somewhere up there in the bleachers, Haller was watching. He'd be waiting. This afternoon, tonight, tomorrow, a week from now. Sometime, somewhere he'd be waiting.

By the end of the eighth, they were one run ahead. Big Jim walked to the mound for the last inning.

"You'll wow them," Lorrie had said.

He glanced toward her for a moment. He was very tired. It seemed he had been at the ball park a thousand years. He faced the next man, figured the best way to hold him,



"Big Jim nodded to Charlie's signal and put all he had behind his fast ball"

nodded to Charlie's signal and let go. The ball whizzed over the plate. Strike!

All he could think of was to get him out. Somehow, someway, but get him out! The second pitch was a popped foul and Charlie was under it. The crowd yelled.

The nerves in Big Jim's stomach were dancing up and down. His arm felt leaden, his legs weak. Charlie came toward him.

"What are you doing after the game?" he asked.

"I don't know," Big Jim replied. "Why?"

"Let's take our families and go on a picnic," Charlie said.

"Okay," Jim agreed.

Charlie went back to his catcher's position. Big Jim took a deep breath. The small talk had relaxed him just as Charlie had known it would. He was ready.

The next man struck out. One to go. The count was soon three balls, two strikes. Jim yanked hard at his cap, dug his cleats into the dusty mound, wound up and let go. He was almost afraid to look. The batter struck. The last man was out. The game was over.

BIG JIM stood for a long moment, head down, feet wide apart. His hand was wet inside his glove, his arm ached, he was unbearably tired.

He was the last one to get dressed. Charlie was waiting for him and outside Little Jim and Lorrie would be waiting, too.

"Look, Charlie, do me a favor," Big Jim said. "Take Little Jim and Lorrie over to your house with you.

I'll drop by in a little while and then we'll plan the picnic."

"Why don't you come now?"

"Business. Take them with you."

"Okay," Charlie said, eying him. "See you."

Charlie left the dressing room and Big Jim followed a few minutes later. He saw Lorrie and Little Jim get into Charlie's car and drive away. They were safe. He took a deep breath.

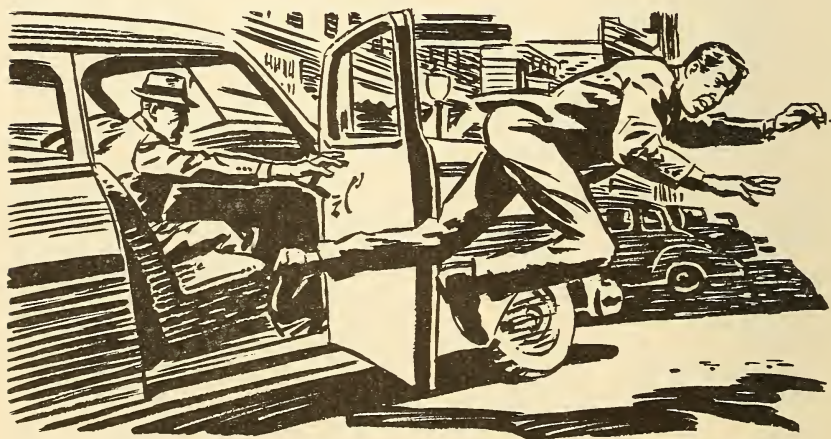
He waited until the stadium was empty before he walked out to his car. He wasn't surprised to find Haller waiting inside.

"Get in," Haller said.

Big Jim glared at him. Two dark, ugly men sat in the back seat. Haller was behind the wheel. There was no one else around.

"No," Big Jim said. "I've had enough of your dirt."

The rear doors flew open, the men leaped at him, a fist smashing into his face another to his middle.



He remembered nothing until later when he half opened his eyes. Haller was driving and they were on the outskirts of town.

Big Jim's face throbbed and he felt sick. The car slowed at an intersection and he heard a policeman's whistle. Big Jim inched his hand to the car door.

Haller stepped on the gas and Big Jim leaped. He hit the paving hard, a car horn blew, someone screamed, and he was aware of crawling on his hands and knees. He fell face downward in the street.

When he opened his eyes, Haller was bending over him, talking earnestly to the policeman. Big Jim felt his last hope ebb away.

"I'll look after him, officer," Haller said smoothly. "Car door must have come open."

Big Jim fought the darkness that pressed against his eyes. He had to make the officer understand.

"Haller stepped on the gas and Big Jim leaped"

"Call Charlie Nelson," he whispered. "Call Charlie!"

Haller started dragging him to the car, talking fast to the officer. Big Jim tried to fight but there was no strength left in his arms.

"Wait a minute, officer!"

Big Jim heard a familiar voice and blinked his eyes.

"It's all right," Charlie said, grinning down at him. "I'm here. I've been following you."

"Little Jim—Lorrie—"

"They're safe," Charlie said.

Big Jim managed a grin.

"How did you know?"

"You never crossed me on a signal before in your life. I began to smell a rat for sure when you wanted Lorrie and Little Jim to go with me."

"Thanks, Charlie. I sure got in a mess—"

There was a commotion, a quick spurt of a car, a policeman's shrill whistle.

"What's up?" Big Jim asked.

"Haller's made a break for it. The police will catch him."

"I guess I've put out my last man," Big Jim said.

Charlie snorted. "Over my dead body. It may be a little tough but we'll get it straightened out with Wilkinson."

LATER in the hospital, Big Jim was talking with Lorrie and Little Jim. "I got scared, Lorrie. If I'd gone straight to Wilkinson about it in the first place—"

"Hush," Lorrie said. "You really wowed them!"

Big Jim grinned reaching for her hand.

"Gee, Dad," Little Jim said. "You pitched a big 'un."

"Well, we won, didn't we?" Big Jim asked.

"Sure," Little Jim answered. "I knew we would."

Lorrie's fingers squeezed his and he looked away for a moment.

"There's only one way to pitch a game, son," Big Jim said. "That's to be honest and always give the very best you've got until the last man's out. Remember that."

He reached out and with his tired pitching arm, pulled them close.



HE WAS BUILDING CHARACTER

It has become traditional for football coaches whose teams have experienced poor seasons to inject into post-mortem discussions the old chestnut about "building character."

But the coach at an eastern Pennsylvania institution, who suffered immeasurably last year as his team was walloped in game after game, made a big hit on the winter banquet circuit by pulling a switch on the old line.

"We didn't win many last season," he would say. "In fact, we didn't win at all. So I had to content myself with just building character."

"And I think I made a success of the job. You should have seen the bunch of characters I had."

—EDGAR WILLIAMS

WHAT IS LOVE?

By ROY A. BURKHART



National Film Board

Attempt to answer the question that all young people ask

YOUNG men and women today are more interested in love, courtship, and marriage than in any other one thing, and yet when they try to describe what love is they find their words inadequate.

Love is the greatest thing in the world, and yet in a deep sense it is the hardest thing to explain. We need not be surprised at this, for in order to know what love is we have to know who we are, and it is difficult for us to find out who we are. If a boy does not know who he is he cannot say "I." If he does not know who a girl is, he cannot say "You." And, consequently, he cannot really say, "I love you."

100 Dates

I know of a very popular young man who had a date one time with a girl. He was known as a "joy boy" and had a way with women. After the dance he parked the car, expecting her to respond to his advances. But this time he was with a girl who knew who she was. She told him, "I have wanted to date you for a long time, and frankly, I would like to kiss you. But I never kiss a boy until we have had a hundred dates."

You may laugh and say, "She certainly put quite a price on her kisses!" and this is exactly what this young man said to her. Her come-

back was, "Well, they're worth it!"

Something about the girl challenged him and he asked her for another date and then another. After they had had about fifty dates, the young man came to his minister and said, "This girl knows who she is; I want to find out who I am." He went through the training for membership in the church and felt that he was beginning to find out who he was. It became clear to him that he had a body but that he was more than his body, and that the same was true of his girl. He never before had been aware of this something more. He accepted Christ and joined the church.

He had the other fifty dates, and then discovered that their physical expression of affection by kissing was a great experience for them both. The kiss was no longer a plaything, a physical thing alone; it was a witness of their love. Not that their physical desire was in any way lessened. It was put in its rightful relationship with the wholeness of love.

In due time the couple were to be married and as they talked with the minister he asked the girl why she had not kissed the boy the first time they had a date. And this was her reply: "If I had given my lips too soon he never would have wanted me."

Love Is a Power

What is love? Love is the response of the real self in you to the real self in another. Love is feeling toward another as God feels toward you.

Erich Fromm in his book, *The Art of Loving*, says, "Love is union under

the condition of preserving one's integrity, one's individuality. Love is a power which breaks through the walls which separate a man from his fellow men, which unites him with others; love makes him overcome the sense of isolation and separateness; yet it permits him to be himself, to retain his integrity. In love the paradox occurs that two beings become one and yet remain two."

Dr. Viktor Frankl says this: "Love permits us to see the spiritual core of the other person, the reality of the other person's essential nature and his potential worth. Love allows us to experience another personality as a world in itself, and so extends our world . . . Love helps the lover to become as the lover sees him. For the loved one wants to be worthier of the lover, a worthier recipient of such love, by growing to be more like the lover's image, and more and more the image of what God conceived and wanted him to be."

To quote Fromm again: "In giving he cannot help bringing something to life in the other person and this which is brought to life is reflected back to him, is truly, truly given."

"They Shall Be One Flesh"

There is the love that is known between friend and friend, between parent and child. Mate love is different. It is special. It includes love after the flesh. When two people respond to the Christ-self in each other they respond also physically, and this response deepens their union.

(Continued on page 23)

Letter from Home

Dear Johnny:

So you are homesick! Bless you, that is good. Good because it shows that you have discovered the priceless values of your rightful heritage; that you now have a new awareness of belonging. Good that we as parents have not failed in establishing home in your heart.

I won't belittle the misery of homesickness. It is a universal malady. Unpredictable. Devastating. Your youthful eagerness to seek far places, your ready scoffing of nostalgia in others, probably slowed recognition of first symptoms within yourself. Like measles and mumps, it is easier to be exposed early in life.

Not that you have lacked exposure. You have truly found your far places. Once you twirled a world globe and stumbled over the pronunciation of exotic islands. Today they are your familiar landing strips. The foreign faces in a small boy's geography book have great similarity to your new-found friends, Saki and toothless old Cornelius. You have become the foreign-brother of many persons. Your continuous flights have interlaced your compact world like the tight lacings of a baseball cover.

In the months ahead you will know homesickness many times, but you need never walk in loneliness. Accept Christ's offer to be your true companion "even unto the ends of the earth."

There is no known cure for homesickness, Johnny, but there is help. Keep busy. Those all around you know longings. Truly tragic are those void of the dear memories. Take a live coal from your memories' hearth and kindle brotherly love wherever you go. Transfer your yearning for the familiar back home to a live interest in the people all around you. Fellowship with people

there will deepen your understanding and increase your knowledge.

Good night, Son. It means much for us to know that you would rather be home with us than any place under God's sun. Eventually you will get home. Home is awfully quiet these days with you and your brother gone. Otherwise, it's just as you remember it. Because of you and thousands like you, we will try to continue to make it the home you love. Your Collie lies on the carpet in the living room, awaiting his master's return. Those you love dream and wait too.

Love,
M O M.

WHAT IS LOVE? *(continued from page 21)*

How wonderful it is for a boy and girl to want each other physically! Desire cannot be created by any act of the will. God has created this process so that two people, being one in spirit, desire each other physically that they may know union as a sacrament, as a sign of their love. The Bible says "they shall be one flesh."

And when, in marriage, two people respond to each other, it deepens their union. If the only thing they have is physical desire, it will not last. But if they have spiritual union, their physical union makes for wholeness, and they have something that will never die.

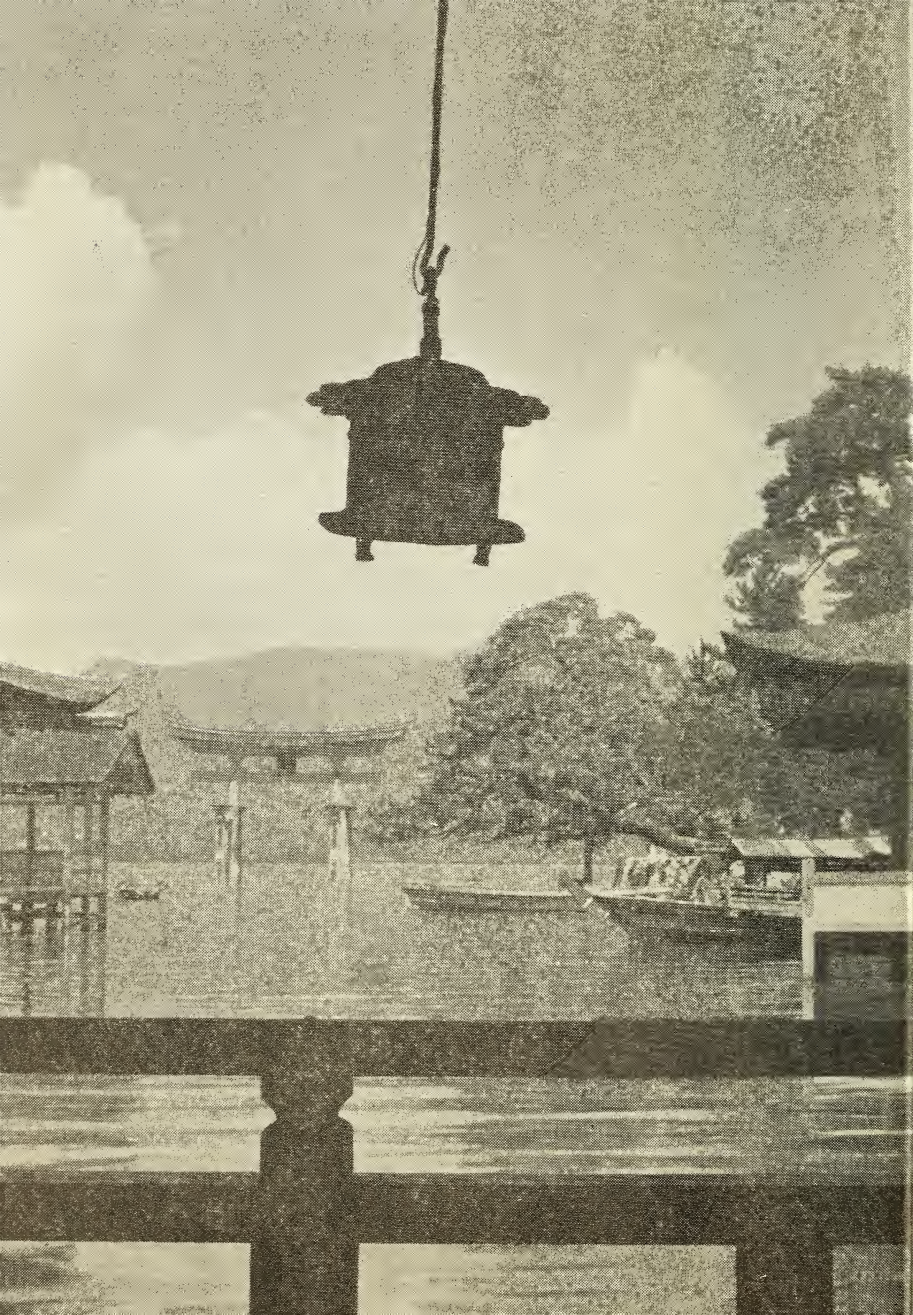
This desire to want another person, therefore, is a great trust. If a person is not free to bring the total self to a union, then something has hurt him terribly. He may even be psychopathic. Or, if he is a victim of his desire and is an addict, then again he may be psychopathic. But if

he is free to want and to fit that wanting into the will of God then he has excellence and indeed the whole intent of creation is fulfilled.

Then two people can build a relationship in which children can safely be born and grow up. Perhaps they will not only always bless the day they were born, but they will come naturally to those requirements which will make them big enough for the free world.

If we could have just one generation of families like this we could eliminate most mental illness, most physical pathology, and a new person would come to be.

Never have young men and young women been so interested in love as now. It can be that evolution seeks a new surge. The interest of young people could be a response to this and it could be a portent of a new day that seeks to be.



Spotlight is on Japan this summer. The World Convention on Christian Education meets in Tokyo, August 6-13. Beautiful Japan. Note the picture on the left of Itsukushima Shrine at Miyakima near Hiroshima. The "torii," a huge wooden gate, stands in the sea, giving at times the illusion of floating

Big Event Coming Up in *Tokyo*

By **RUSSELL F. HARRISON**

FOR the first time in thirty-eight years a Christian world convention is to be held in Asia. August 6-13, 1958 in Tokyo, Japan, five thousand Christians from over sixty countries around the world will be on hand for the opening session of the Fourteenth World Convention on Christian Education. Among this number will be many United States' chaplains and armed forces personnel who are stationed in Asia at the time of the convention.

What Has Gone Before?

Since 1889 there have been thirteen world-wide conventions for Christians who are interested in Sunday school and Christian education work. This is one of the most universal points of contact for peoples of various lands, languages, and cultures because wherever there is a church there is concern for the future. In Sunday schools around the world, character is being formed and

the future of the church and the extension of its outreach is being forged in the lives of those who come under the teaching ministry of the church.

The convention is under the auspices of the World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association, a federation of more than fifty autonomous member units in countries all around the world. The outreach and service of this Council does not end with these countries touched by voluntary membership in the association. Indeed, the quarterly magazine, *World Christian Education*, is read at the present time in ninety-nine different countries.

Periodically since 1889 a convention has been called to bring together laymen, clergymen, denominational and interdenominational leaders to share together in Christian fellowship and to discover the great potential of Sunday school. These meetings have meant much in the development of

Christian education in the life of local church congregations all around the world.

What Goes on in 1958?

Perhaps LINK readers will ask, Where do the armed forces fit into the picture?

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, Chairman of The General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, is also a vice-chairman of the World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association. In a meeting of the Board of Managers of the WCESSA last year, Bishop Mueller expressed hopeful concern that the attendance of armed forces personnel not be overlooked as plans were projected for the Fourteenth World Convention in Tokyo, Japan, in 1958.

Accordingly, it has been decided that armed forces personnel *not* be guests or visitors at such a meeting, but *voluntary* representatives of their churches. Since the convention is not legislative in character, it is easy for any man or woman in the armed forces to register and attend the convention in his or her own right as a church member.

Since in a local church, the pastor is asked to sign the registration for any person desiring to attend the convention, it is requested that the chaplain sign in a similar fashion, each registration for armed forces personnel. If the five-dollar registration fee can be mustered together—this and the registration card is all that is necessary for registering for the convention.

As part of the registration card,

each person indicates in order of preference which of the five sections he wants to attend during the morning periods of the convention. The five sections are as follows: 1. Work with Children; 2. Work with Youth; 3. Work with Adults (with emphasis upon Christian teaching in the home); 4. General Laymen's Group; 5. General Professional Leaders' Group (ministers, chaplains, and persons in some phase of the professional life of the church).

Is There More?

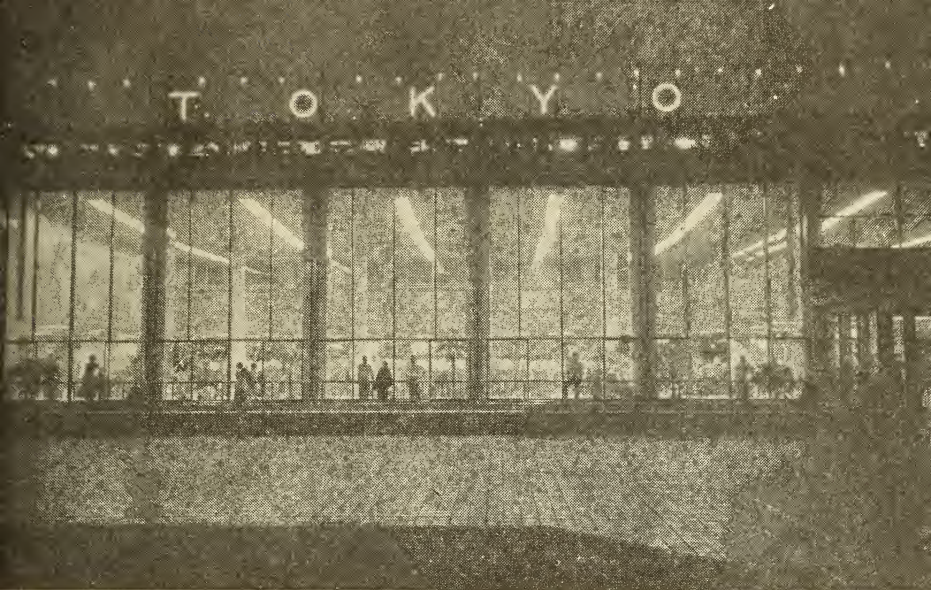
Sure, there's more! Afternoons are set aside for a variety of activities ranging from world-wide denominational meetings to a genuine Japanese style reception, with no two afternoons featuring the same special opportunities. Informal conferences will be encouraged so that acquaintances will be formed at the convention which will last across the years ahead. Exhibits and audio-visual demonstrations will be another optional feature of the afternoons during the convention.

Then comes the mass meetings in the evenings. The five regions of the world will be represented on successive evenings in the course of the convention. Key church leaders from each of these regions will speak on basic issues facing the church in its Sunday school and Christian education task:

The Church in a Changing World and Society

The Bible and the New Interest
Emerging in Bible Study
Around the World

The Sunday School Task and Op-



Embassy of Japan

When you get off your plane at night in Tokyo you will see a scene like this. Tokyo has a magnificent new international airport terminal; and takes great pride in this lovely building

portunities of This New Day
A Deepening Awareness of Christian Theology and What This Is Saying to Christians Around the World.

The general theme of the convention is:

JESUS CHRIST—THE WAY, THE TRUTH, and THE LIFE

What If You Can't Go?

Many of you in the armed forces won't be able to go to Tokyo in the summer of 1958, but many can—if you begin right now to make the necessary preparations. Speak im-

mediately to your chaplain if you'd like to go. If you find you can't and you'd still like to share in the convention, you can do so by signing the *World Friendship Book* and giving a dollar. Any group of Christians anywhere can get a page of signatures for the *World Friendship Book*. This page (or pages) of signatures are sent to the world office of the WCCSSA where they are bound into volumes, by countries, for presentation on the opening night of the World Convention. These volumes will be symbolic of the world friendship of Christians who are not present, but who wish to share in the

processional through these books as they are brought forward. The offerings which accompany the pages as they are sent in are used to help bring representatives who cannot come without financial aid. A portion of the funds will be used for a special Christian education library project in Japan as a gesture of appreciation for a small minority group of Christians who are willing to act as host to a world Christian convention.

If your interest is aroused in this project, write to The World Council of Christian Education and Sunday School Association, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. For persons who desire especially prepared pages, all ready for signatures, your orders are filled immediately upon request.

Where Do You Put 5,000 Delegates?

Hotels, dormitories on university campuses, and private homes will provide the sleeping accommodations for persons attending the convention. Morning division meetings will be held in buildings on the campus of Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo. Evening sessions which may draw an additional five to seven thousand Japanese will be held in the new Sports Arena of Tokyo. As persons register for the convention, complete information on housing, costs and other essential data is sent automatically.

If you can go, there will be a place for you! ! !

So What?

Why bring people from all around the world to one place just for a convention? As these Christians re-

turn to their more than sixty countries around the world they carry not so much a body of information as they do a spirit of world-wide ecumenical cooperation and unity in Jesus Christ. With them rests the essential task of kindling a spark which will burst into a new flame of interest, zeal and work for the church of Jesus Christ. From the great cities to jungle villages this flame can spread through individuals.

Detailed reports and accounts of the discussions, the issues, the addresses, the interpretation of everything that goes on August 6-13, 1958 in Tokyo, Japan, will be a base for future development of Sunday school and Christian education work around the world. Testimony of Christians in many lands indicates that the report on the Thirteenth World Convention, Toronto, Canada, in 1950 became more than a report to be filed in somebody's office or drawer. It became a handbook of helpful information, ideas, suggestions and inspiration.

How About It?

Can we count on you? We'd like to have you attend this convention if you are in Asia and can do so at all. Why not talk with your chaplain about it? But if you can't go, perhaps you'd like to write in for some blank pages of the *World Friendship Book* and get signatures and dollars so you and your Christian friends can still be a vital part of the Fourteenth World Convention on Christian Education.

We'll be watching for your letters.





Embassy of Japan

In Japan only will you see buildings like this beautiful Himeji Castle

CORDIAL INVITATION

American servicemen in the Far East are hereby alerted to the opportunity to share in an adventure in world-wide Christian friendship. On August 6-13, 1958 there will be held in Tokyo, Japan, the Fourteenth World Convention on Christian Education. Here will be a wonderful opportunity for our service personnel in the Far East to fellowship with Christians from many lands, and to meet some of the folks from home. The Board of Managers of the World Council of Christian Education invites service personnel to share in this convention that meets once every eight or ten years.

REUBEN H. MUELLER,

Vice-Chairman for North America, World Council of Christian Education; and Chairman of General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel

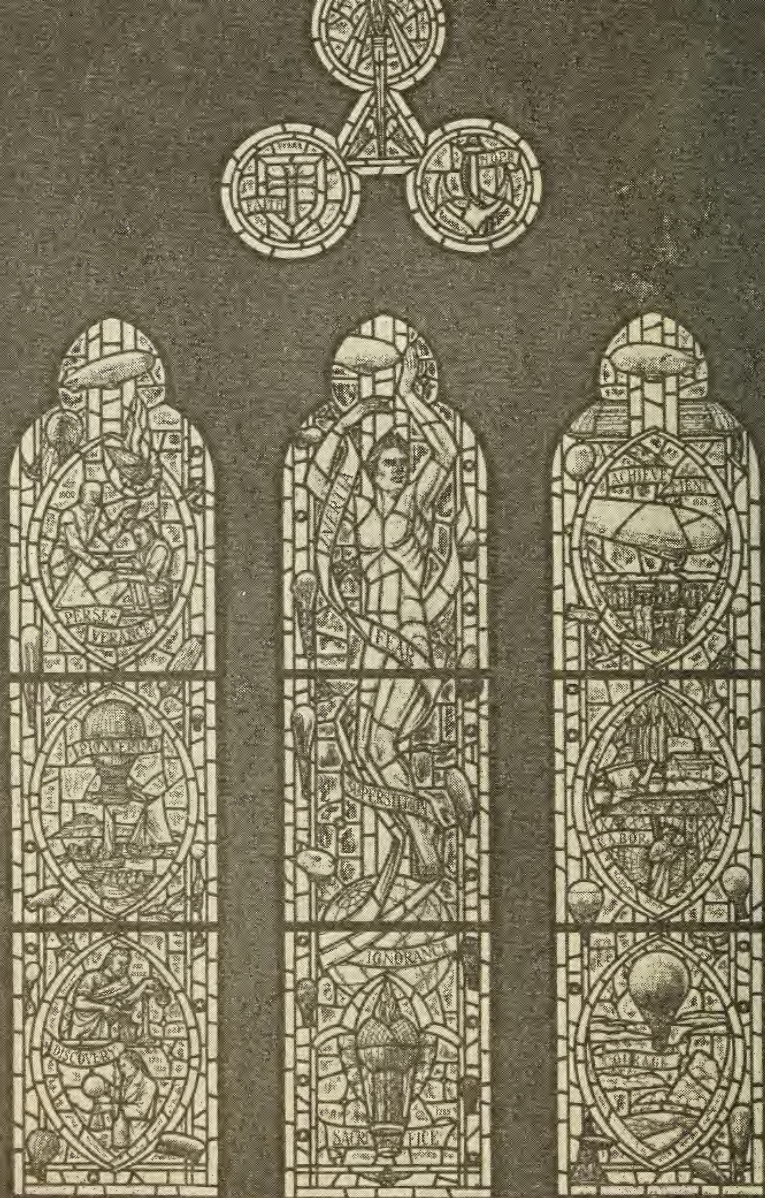


Photo by U.S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N.J.

Memorial window in the Cathedral at Lakehurst, New Jersey, air station. It is a tribute to Hugo Eckener, German pioneer in lighter-than-air flight.

A Story in Glass

By HAROLD HELFER

ONE of the most remarkable story-telling jobs of all time is being unfolded at the naval air station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. It is the story of man's courageous and determined effort to achieve flight. It is being enacted in the stained-glass windows of the air station's cathedral.

Begun a quarter of a century ago, the stained-glass window story of man's will to fly still is just a little more than half completed. Ten of the cathedral's windows have been brought into this story, leaving seven more to go.

The last window involved in this story-telling is a memorial to Dr. Hugo Eckener, noted German pioneer in lighter-than-air flight.

Above the lancets in a triangular pattern are three small circular windows denoting faith, hope, and vision—symbolized by the cross, anchor, and torch. The central lancet is dominated by the figure of youth soaring from earth. The lancets on the left and right are divided into six medallions: Discovery, pioneering, perseverance, courage, labor, and achievement. Each is represented by a famous personality or event in lighter-than-air flight.

Perseverance, for example, is depicted by the medallion of Count von Zeppelin and Dr. Eckener drawing up plans for another aircraft while one Zeppelin bursts into flames.

Achievement is symbolized by the Graf Zeppelin landing at Lakehurst after an around-the-world flight.

Also shown in this window is de Rozier—the first human being to rise from the earth in a hydrogen and hot-air balloon. Unfortunately, the balloon caught fire and plunged to the rocks on the coast of the English Channel in 1783.

Another event of that year also comes to life in the stained glass—Blanchard and Jeffries' first successful crossing of the English Channel carrying airmail.

Perhaps one of the most striking medallions is the one that emphasizes the hard labor that is so often overlooked but without which progress in aviation would have been impossible—the gathering of rubber from the steaming jungle plantation and the riveting of the gigantic steel frames of aircraft.

The first chapter of the cathedral's window story of aviation was written twenty-five years ago, with the American Legion spearheading the project. A nationwide subscription was held to raise money for this purpose and school children contributed their nickels and dimes.

Now the Navy itself has managed to raise the money that will enable the last seven windows to be completed.

Clarence's meddling pays off in terms of romance

A CUPID NAMED

By GILLETTE JONES

HAD it been possible for Clarence Higby to appeal to the polished floor of the hotel dining room, he would have surely called out, "Quick! Open up and drop me out of sight."

As it was, he looked up at the waiter—not directly into his eyes, mind you, but straight at the button-hole of his lapel. Now, don't blush, he told himself. In the name of heaven don't—and immediately his cheeks felt hot and red. He mumbled, "No, no. Nothing wrong."

It wasn't hard to guess why the waiter had come to his table. He knew he'd been playing mental games again and he must have stared too long at the waiter while he had been rehearsing the speech he knew he'd never make: There's a choice table right over there at the windows. You give me that one immediately and leave this table by the entrance to some young whippersnapper who doesn't know the difference.

Blast it! Why couldn't he just once look like *somebody*. Why couldn't he have that wonderful authority he had in his daydreams?

Okay, so he could never be taken for a VIP. But why couldn't he at least look important enough for a waiter to seat next to a window? What was so different about him?



"She inclined her head
beg your pardon, but"

Plenty of men his age had glasses and protruding middles.

He remembered how Dorothy used to say, "Don't be so afraid to speak up to people, Dad. They won't bite." And remembering, he wondered why people called life hectic when their children were teenagers. Life hadn't been bad then. Bad? It had been wonderful! There had been laughter in the house—kids underfoot.

But now, with Dorothy married and gone to the Coast, he felt useless. Some day, perhaps when her husband was out of the Navy, she'd be back, living nearby. There would be grandchildren, and he and Viney

CLARENCE



ward him and said, "I
ou tell me the time?" "

would help care for them. But in the meantime, there was a void.

He stared dreamily into his glass of water recalling the few isolated times in his life that he could remember with real pride. Those times when he had stood up to Viney. Seemingly these times had always concerned Dorothy. He had never cared what he said or did when it was for Dorothy's welfare. He hadn't coddled Viney then. No, sir!

Heavens to Betsy! If he only had a table next to a window so he could watch the people in the street below! What on earth was he supposed to do with his eyes here?

JUST as he posed the question, he was attracted by a young man striding through the doorway. The headwaiter hustled to greet the young chap, and Clarence watched with interest.

Now there was a fellow who was a Somebody. Tall and dark! And just look at those shoulders! Clarence unconsciously straightened his own as he watched. If he could be remade this fellow would serve nicely as the pattern. He never had been so straight, so confident—not even in his youth.

The young man glanced around the room; obviously he was searching for someone. And Clarence's imagination went to work. Who would a young god like this be meeting? The answer was obvious. A girl, of course; and she must be just the right girl.

Inwardly he smiled at the picture of the right girl he had conjured up: Young and dainty, a rare sweetness about her face, blonde hair and all feminine.

Clarence was startled as the waitress placed a dish before him. He gazed at the lobster on the plate and thought, I must be crazy. I don't even know where to start on one of these blasted things.

He squeezed the lemon gingerly, not sure whether to use his fingers

—only what other way was there? He nibbled a bite of salad and eyed the fish.

If this creature were only alive, and he were out on a boat grappling with it, he'd be master of it. But of course, he'd never be in the boat in the first place for Viney objected to his boating.

Eventually Clarence found himself with a piece of lobster on his fork. He chewed slowly, enjoying his momentary victory. His young friend was growing restless, Clarence observed. He was disappointed to see the young chap turn and retreat toward the lounge.

The young man had been gone only a few minutes, when Clarence spotted the girl. She paused inside the entrance and looked about, and Clarence brightened. Not only was she a pleasure to look upon, but she was *the right girl*, and Clarence allowed himself to glory in the triumph of his having known all along how she'd be.

There was no question about it. There was the sweetness in her face, just as he had known. She was graceful. Had he said she'd be graceful? Well, if he hadn't, he had meant to. Her hair was a compromise of the two shades he had wavered between. It was a long time since he'd seen a real strawberry blonde.

The girl stood poised near the doorway, glancing from table to table. Disappointment crossed her face as she scanned the room. She opened a little watch that dangled from her suit, and pulled it out from a chain and held it to her ear.

Suddenly she looked annoyed.

Clarence wondered if the feeling was directed at the obviously inaccurate watch or at the young man who was keeping her waiting.

Gracious sakes, why didn't the fellow hurry? The girl was acting restless now.

CLARENCE was suddenly gripped by an awesome thought. Suppose, just suppose, the young man was too slow returning. Suppose the girl left before he came. Clarence shuddered inwardly thinking of the battle that might ensue. Tempers could flare from little things. He didn't have to think hard to imagine what Viney would say if he ever missed her when they were to meet somewhere.

Of course this girl was not Viney. Even so, these two were people with feelings, he could tell. And there might be some awful words—the kind that are hard to take back.

He was suddenly aware of someone having stepped near him. He looked up, to see the girl a yard from him, leaning toward him from the other side of the velvet rope that marked the entrance.

She inclined her head toward him, and said, "I beg your pardon, but could you tell me the time?"

"Oh! Yes. Um, uh . . ." he hated himself for sounding so flustered. "Exactly twelve forty-one."

"Oh, dear. I'm afraid I'm too late." In spite of the faint note of disappointment, her voice had a lovely hushed tone.

Clarence suddenly had a happy thought. He could tell her that her young man was in the lounge, that



"The voices of the young couple came clear to him. They were standing just beyond the plants."

she hadn't missed him. She had spoken first, so it would not be like talking to a stranger.

He cleared his throat elaborately and prepared his speech. But she turned away before he had a chance to speak.

He saw her at a distance; she looked just a little pathetic. He watched her, waiting for her to turn toward him so he could signal. He froze suddenly, rigidly, as he saw her pulling on her gloves. She was leaving!

What could he do? Would it be wrong to whistle to her? He gripped the edge of the table and watched the girl walk through the doorway to the top of the stairs.

ALL thought for himself was gone. He couldn't sit back and watch two lives torn apart. So suddenly

he was on his feet, heading for the stairs. The waiter appeared beside him like magic, but Clarence shoved past him.

The young man came through the door of the lounge, and Clarence paused in his mission just long enough to grasp his arm. "Come on!" he said impatiently. "Hurry, or we'll be too late."

The fellow looked astonished, but Clarence didn't care now. He pulled the young man toward the stairway, panting, "This way. She went this way."

The waiter was at the top of the stairs making a commotion. "Stop that man! He didn't pay."

Clarence's face turned vermilion but he hurried on. In his unaccustomed haste, his ankle twisted on the step, and he went down on his knees, sprawling on the plush carpet. The fellow and girl rushed from different directions to help him.

"I'm all right," he puffed. "It was you two I was afraid for. I was afraid you'd miss each other and wouldn't meet."

The young man took his arm. "There are seats in the lobby," he said. "I'll help you downstairs and you can rest."

"No, no," Clarence protested. But when he tried to stand his knees felt shaky, and his heart was pounding. He submitted to the offer of help.

The girl brought him a glass of water and Clarence took it gratefully. His young friends moved a few steps away and stood together talking.

As Clarence tilted his head back to drain the glass of water, he saw

a hundred eyes staring. He heard someone say, "Can you beat that? A little guy like that making a spectacle of himself."

How misunderstanding people were! They couldn't know what good he had done.

They were staring at him and he didn't like it. Noticing some potted palms and ferns near the other end of the bench, he slid along until he was nicely hidden from curious eyes.

THE voices of the young couple came clear to him; they were standing just beyond the plants. He had unintentionally moved close to them.

The girl was saying, "I do hope he's all right."

He smiled to himself. These were real nice people.

He heard them laugh together. He started to inch away, and suddenly he couldn't move a muscle. With agonizing clarity their next words embarrassed him no end. They were awkwardly introducing themselves!

What a fool he was! What a downright stupid fool! He and his wretched imagination. He'd been so sure about them . . . he never dreamed that they . . . what was the use? He was a hopeless blunderer.

The voices talked on and on. Clarence thought they would never stop. He heard the fellow say, "I

was supposed to meet a man on business but he didn't show up. Have you eaten yet?"

"No, I haven't," the girl replied.

"Well, maybe we—no, I'd better not ask. Now that the company won't be paying, I'll be eating at the Automat."

The girl laughed. "The Automat and I are good friends."

"Well, in that case . . ."

Thank heavens, Clarence sighed. They'll be leaving now. He peered cautiously through the foliage and saw they were still standing. He wished they would hurry so he could pay his bill and disappear forever in the crowd.

The girl had grown serious. "Funny, isn't it?" she said thoughtfully. "That man seemed to think we belonged together."

Clarence saw the look of mutual interest that passed between them and he heard the young man say: "Maybe we do!"

It was too early to tell but who knows—who knows what might come of this new acquaintance. Suddenly he felt a fierce pride in his chest. He was a useful member of the human race after all—a match-maker, if you please!

With nimble step, he climbed the stairs. He hoped the waiter had not yet cleared his place. He could tackle that lobster now—by golly he could!

The best way to avoid becoming a standing target is to give a moving performance.

It's no use being born with a silver spoon in your mouth unless you make a stir!

—ADRIAN ANDERSON



A DATE OR A MATE

By JAMES B. ASHBROOK

Are you ready for the important event of marriage?

THERE is a big difference between a date and a mate!

We catch something of that difference in the cartoon which shows a man anxiously consulting a lawyer. The client asks, "Is a marriage entered into while under the influence of perfume valid?" We can easily guess his problem. In the moonlight enchanting perfume suggested a dream world of perfect bliss; but in daylight he touched reality and the person became more important than the perfume. He had confused the way she seemed with the way she was. The girl who had been exciting as a date turned out to be exhausting as a mate.

Studies indicate that one out of every four marriages ends in divorce. Of the remaining three it is suggested that only one couple is really happy.

So, when you stop looking at a girl as a date and start looking at her as a mate, you had better do some serious thinking. Marriage is

the most intense and intimate relationship of life. Its joys can be greater and its heartaches deeper than any other relationship. When you make the "leap" you had better know what you're doing. It is easy enough to get in, but it is awfully hard to get out.

How Can I Know?

The first question you face is this. "How can I know I'm in love?"

Those experienced in this field tell us, "When you've been 'hit' you know it!" And in a real sense that is about all we can say. Suddenly the world looks different. Everything is alive!

In that case, we are driven to look at "being hit" more carefully. The real issue is not whether we are "falling" into love but whether we are "growing" into love. And that means seeing those aspects of a relationship that are permanent as against those aspects that are merely passing.

To distinguish "real" love from "romantic" love, you should ask yourself a series of questions:

Are you more interested in making her happy or are you more interested in making yourself happy?

Do you find it just as exciting simply to be together as you find it to "make love"?

Do you find that your interests are generally alike or do you find your interests are usually different?

Do you like to be together when everything goes all wrong as well as when everything goes all right?

When you get upset with each other, do you want to talk it out or do you want to walk out?

As you think about your future—say in ten, fifteen, or twenty years—can you think of the other person as your companion in your community, as the mother of your children?

What Are the Problems?

What are the problems you are going to face when you get married?

There are no hard and fast mechanical rules. You see, even though she has the right qualifications, this does not necessarily mean you're in love. Love, however, always includes the right elements. Of course, each couple is different, but their problems are similar.

Studies of thousands of marriages show that the more two people have in common, the more likely their marriage is to work out. The less two people have in common the greater the difficulties.

The more you know each other the more your love is likely to grow.

That means *understanding how you feel and how she feels about these areas:*

the kind of friends you have and the kind of fun you like;

the way you handle problems with each other and the way you handle problems with your in-laws;

the interests you have in common and the interests you have apart;

the expressing of affection and the wanting of a family;

the handling of finances and the wife's working;

the values and goals that go into making decisions;

what each of you has been accustomed to in your background and what you expect in your own home;

the place that religion plays, not as a set of beliefs, but as a way of life.

When you get married, each of you will have some idea of your own role and of the other's role. There are certain things which each woman will expect of her husband and certain things which each man will expect of his wife. If you have vastly different ideas as to what each expect, then there is going to be trouble and plenty of it.

Of course, there will be bumps even under the best of conditions. There may be times when you find you can't "go it alone." When you are up against something you can't handle, it shows wisdom and not weakness to seek expert help. The chaplain, the Red Cross field director, the medical doctor, will be able to give you friendly and helpful counsel. At these moments you need to find someone with whom you can

talk it out. No one can make your decisions for you. But by sharing with someone who has had wide experience you can more easily make your own decision.

When Should I Jump?

Once you've found the "right" person, the most natural thing in the world is to want to get married immediately. "Why wait?" is the way it is so often put. The opposite question—"Why hurry?"—does not have the same urgency to it.

Actually the question of when to jump is not simple. One couple appeared in the Los Angeles Courts Building in a great rush. "It was a whirlwind courtship," the man explained. "At our age it had to be whirlwind." Both he and his wife were eighty-nine years old.

Most couples do not labor under such a pressure of time. The urgency is more an anxiety to be together than a necessity to hurry. While there can be no hard and fast rules, there are certain factors to consider.

Studies show that when both the man and the woman are *twenty years of age or younger*, the divorce rate is 14 per cent higher than the normal rate. This would indicate that the younger a couple is the more likely they are to have extra obstacles. Marriage demands emotional maturity and the average teen-ager has not yet experienced enough life to know what he wants.

Another factor is that of the *length of the engagement*. With a long engagement, there is sometimes the loneliness of separation. On the other hand, if the couple is together

too much, there can be mounting physical tension. Pre-marital sexual relations certainly are not satisfying or fulfilling. Yet, intense contact without release makes for mounting irritations.

With the short engagement enough time has not elapsed for the couple to know each other well. One study of a group of hasty marriages revealed that within a year four out of five of them had ended in divorce.

The problem which grows out of marrying too soon is not so much a marriage failure as it is a *courtship failure*. The two people have not had enough experience together to be aware of the various aspects of their relationship. An adequate courtship is the only sure foundation of a satisfying marriage.

Thus, the answer as to when to get married is not a readiness in terms of years. It is a readiness in terms of maturity, of the ability to handle life responsibly, of knowing each other well enough to want to be together for a lifetime instead of a pastime.

An old Scottish preacher used to say that marriage was a blessing for a few, a curse for many, and a hazard for all. And so it is! There is a world of difference between a girl as a date and a girl as a mate. You had better be sure you know that difference! ■ ■

One driver in every eight has an accident. The other seven have automobile insurance.

After all is said and done, more is said than done.

—HOWIE LASSETER

Take a trip to Baseball's Hall of Fame

BASEBALL—

Then and Now

By EDNA ALBRECHT

TAKE yourself out to the ball game, but for a composite view of the game of games, go to the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, and the only museum in the world devoted exclusively to sport.

There you will find baseball as modern as Don Larsen, as old as the skin-tight catcher's glove displayed there, vintage 1870. In the shrine to the sandlot, one becomes aware not only of perfect player co-ordination and record-breaking slugging, but of the dream beneath it all—a dream as young as youth, as American as democracy.

Once in Cooperstown—famous also as the home of James Fenimore Cooper and the site of beautiful Lake Otsego—you will hear the story of baseball's birth, the facts of which are still contested outside the village limits. Though some authorities claim Hoboken, New Jersey, as the swaddling place of swat, the Cooperstown contention was upheld by an official commission in 1903, which announced its findings in Spalding's Official Baseball Guide. In 1939, the

National Baseball Hall of Fame was opened, timed with the centenary of the game.

The human story behind these facts tells of the finding of a dusty attic trunk. There was the usual clutter therein, but, most notably, a round, misshapen object now known as the world's first baseball. Together with the famous balls of Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Dick Littlefield, this relic is now honored. It was less than official size, had a queer shape and that "home-made" look. The inside was of soft stuffing instead of the modern twine.

The old attic trunk was discovered in 1935 by a farmer in Fly Creek, a village near Cooperstown. It had been left to posterity by one Abner Graves, who as a school boy had learned to pitch and catch from the future General Abner Doubleday. That was, in effect, a Little League before Big League.

The same Abner Graves in the year 1907 wrote a series of letters, telling about the time around 1839 when Doubleday, then a student in the Cooperstown Military Academy,

Baseball notables
gather at
Hall of Fame in
1939 to
celebrate Cen-
tennial
of the game of
baseball



Le Bell Studio

From l. to r., standing, are Honus Wagner, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Tris Speaker, Napoleon La Joie, George Sisler, and Walter Johnson. Seated: Eddie Collins, "Babe" Ruth, Connie Mack, and "Cy" Young. All were elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame

marked out a diamond on a cow pasture and explained the rules of a new game called "baseball." Thus Abner Doubleday, known for his courage as a General in the Union Army, became famous also as the original coach.

At this point, the critics step in stealthily to doubt the accuracy of Abner Graves, who in the year 1907 was already an old man and "might not have remembered correctly."

However, the old, misshapen ball had enough antique appeal to interest Stephen C. Clark, village philanthropist, who bought it for five dollars. But he soon realized that the relic was too important to keep for his own pleasure. He decided to exhibit it with a few other articles in the Village Hall.

This small display attracted so much attention that plans were made almost immediately for the Hall of Fame. Alexander Cleland assisted Mr. Clark, and their enthusiasm wild-fired from league to league, from teams to colleges to fans. Ford Frick, now baseball high commissioner, Kenesaw Mountain Landis and William Harridge were largely responsible for the big success.

THE National Baseball Hall of Fame honors on ageless bronze plaques the greatest talents of the diamond. When the building was opened on June 12, 1939, twenty-five titans were embrowned. Since then every year spectacular playing and honest service are rewarded.

A player can be eligible only after



Hall of Fame

Cooperstown, New York, famous as the home of James Fenimore Cooper, is also a landmark for another reason—there stands Baseball's Hall of Fame. This building houses baseball's immortal treasures; it was dedicated in the year 1939

retirement from active participation at least one year. His career must also fall within the previous twenty-five years' span.

According to the rules, Hall of Fame members are chosen for "their playing ability, integrity, sportsmanship, character, and for their contributions to the team on which they are playing and baseball in general." Honored players are either elected by members of the Baseball Writers Association of America or named by a special committee of oldtimers.

On the opening day, the one-time cow field was also dedicated, having been reclaimed sufficiently to allow a game to be played under the rules of 1850. Since then—at a cost of forty thousand dollars to the people of Cooperstown—the diamond has been given big league quality and proportions, and the bleachers seat nine thousand people.

Every year Cooperstown's day of days is when two major league teams come to slug it out in an exhibition game on Doubleday Field. In 1939 distinguished guests included Postmaster General Farley, William G. Branham, president of the National Association of Minor Leagues, Ty Cobb, Connie Mack, Honus Wagner, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Nap Lajoie, Walter Johnson, George Sisler, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Babe Ruth and Cy Young.

Among those playing on Doubleday Field were Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. The Bambino's widow has been especially generous, and one can now inspect in a special wing the following Ruth effects:

1. The bat with which Babe made his sixtieth home run in 1927, when he set his record of a .356 average;
2. the actual Ruth uniform and the famous locker number 3;
3. a pen

which signed over a million Babe Ruth autographs and was responsible for the signing of his highest contract of eighty thousand dollars; 4. a chart with Ruth's complete major league batting record; 5. a bowling ball and golf trophies, presented by various clubs.

PERHAPS the most appealing of all Ruth relics is a golden record of his voice in a last tribute to youth on April 25, 1947, in Yankee Stadium.

The favorite uniform of Gehrig and his locker were presented to the Hall of Fame representatives at Yankee Stadium. Another prized Yankee gift is a beautiful plaque presented to Manager Joe McCarthy in 1936 by his devoted players.

Other valuable exhibits are the uniform and favorite glove of Christy Matthewson, the shirt of John McGraw, the uniform of Honus Wagner. On display also is the suit worn by Dizzy Dean when he clinched the pennant for the St. Louis Cardinals in 1934 and the last glove worn by Ty Cobb as a member of the Detroit Tigers.

Interesting in this day of high prices is the first contract of Eddie Collins with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1907. The monthly salary was four hundred dollars! Connie Mack, the manager, cancelled the reserve and release clause.

There is the baseball with which Cy Young pitched his five hundredth victory in August, 1910, and the 1905 uniform of the Giants worn in the first World Series under National Commission rules.

Fifty years ago music bowed to baseball. Today, a steady stream of visitors to the Hall of Fame, admires the original script of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" composed by Jack Norworth.

But unlike the museums which major on the past, Cooperstown provides plenty of room for the present day. In the museum are Mickey Mantle's roving ball, which made history in 1953, and the ball Don Larsen used in pitching the first no-hit perfect game in a World Series against the Brooklyn Dodgers on October 8, 1956.

The bat of Gil Hodges, Dodgers' first baseman, catches the eye, for it hit a home run with three on against the Chicago Cubs on August 1, 1957, for his thirteenth grand-slam home run. This surpassed the record of twelve grand slams by Rogers Hornsby and Ralph Kiner.

A ball autographed by Bob Keegan brings to mind his recent no-hit game for the White Sox, and a bat of Stan Musial recalls a record hit of five home runs in one day.

Statesmanship enters the ball game in a baseball autographed by the last eight presidents. It was Ray Schalk, old-time Chicago White Sox catcher, who obtained the signatures of Republican and Democratic leaders in an all-American demonstration.

Underlying all those glorious records of baseball, Cooperstown has something more—a challenge to our nation's youth. Fair play, character, integrity—these are the marks of eligibility to the Hall of Fame. So it is not strange that one is reminded

so often of the boys with their baseball heroes, and of the ideals which they share.

Sid C. Keener, director of the Hall of Fame and preserver of the tradition, is well aware of youth. He entered business life at the age of thirteen—as office boy for the *St. Louis Star* in 1901. By 1914 he was sports editor of the *Star*.

As clubhouse boy for the Cardinals in 1900, Sid came to know five St. Louis immortals now in the Hall of Fame: John J. McGraw, Wilbert Robinson, Jess Burkett, Bob Wallace, and Cy Young. In 1910 the young man saw his first World Series between the Philadelphia Athletics and the Chicago Cubs. He accompanied the Cards on a spring training trip in 1912, and in 1915 saw Rogers Hornsby and George Sisler play their first major league games.

Sid Keener remembers these great events well, but most of all he remembers the dreams of baseball-minded boys. And the pain of youngsters in the past with no parks to play in, no Little League and small adult encouragement. It is to these lads that he dedicates his life, giving the great American game a place to call its own.

Perhaps the greatest rally cry to



youth was in that last tribute of Babe Ruth's on the golden record: "The only real game I think is baseball. Some people think that if you give them a football or a baseball, naturally they're athletes right away, but you can't do that in baseball. You've got to start from way down at the bottom when you are six or seven years of age. You can't wait until you're fifteen or sixteen. You've got to let it grow on you, and if you are successful and try hard enough, you're bound to come out on top."

Thus is the heritage of American sport enshrined for youth in the National Baseball Hall of Fame—a heritage which says there shall be no strike-out in life, no shut-out in time, but that with fidelity of character, youth will honor the past, but push ahead also to an even more glorious future.

Some day visit Cooperstown and see the shrine to America's greatest sportsmen! ■ ■

In Ontario, a teacher asked in an examination, "In the fall, why do wild geese fly south?"

In seven words, a schoolboy solved one of nature's mysteries that has baffled waterfowl experts since they were recognized as experts. His answer was; "Because it is too far to walk."

—KEITH C. SCHUYLER, *VFW Magazine*

More drivers would live to see ninety, if they didn't keep looking for it on their speedometers.

—A. W. STINSON

How to Get Along with Your Mate

By ROBERT A. GESSERT

"Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage"

IT goes without saying that in our society love is regarded as the basis of marriage. We are expected to marry only when we have fallen in love, and marriage is anticipated consummation of love. As the popular song has it, "Love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage."

What is the nature of this "love"? Most of us are pretty well acquainted with the genuinely thrilling aspects of love. We know how, when one is in love, little else seems to matter. How we ache for the presence of the loved one. How eager we are to share intimacies. How we are comforted and lifted in embrace. The feeling of love excites and ennoble us. Our plans and dreams take on concrete focus, our courage is given purpose, and even our tenderness is justified by being in love.

"For Better, for Worse"

The promise of marriage is that it provides the opportunity of publicly proclaiming and continuing this feeling of love. But marriage is more and requires more than this. In becoming husband and wife we pledge

our talents, our minds, and our wills as well as our hearts to the other person. We commit ourselves "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health." We enter a covenant—a covenant which involves mutual responsibilities even when mutual affections may wane.

It has almost become trite to say that marriage is a partnership. But this idea is an apt corollary of the idea of covenant. We contract to be responsible to and for each other—even in those moments when our feelings may dictate otherwise, even when we don't like each other. Each partner has an inescapable and equal responsibility to see that the joint enterprise will succeed. Neither is free to require the other to make all the effort. Neither is free to use and squander the joint resources for his own individual gain. Each can prove unfaithful to the other partner in many ways other than adultery. Whenever we refuse to be open to the interests and desires of the other, whenever we behave as if the other were merely an instrument of our wishes or an object of our possession,

however benevolent we may pretend to be, we prove our infidelity.

True Concern for the Other

Clearly the mature love that is the necessary foundation of marriage is more than feeling and emotion. Frequently a contrast is drawn between two Greek words, "*eros*" and "*agape*," both of which are translated into English as "love." *Eros* is attraction, desire, longing for the other—the love with which we love in order to be fulfilled. It seeks the other with anticipation, expectation, and surrender. When it genuinely occurs, it satisfies in the deepest sense. Whereas *eros* points to the passionate aspect of love, *agape* points to compassion. *Agape* seeks the fulfillment of the person loved rather than of the lover. It is true concern for the other in his or her need and interest. It is the love which we most readily compare to God's forgiveness. It seeks no reward for the lover; only the loved. Wherever human love occurs in its fullness, both *eros* and *agape* are present. The potentiality that marriage represents and what it requires for fulfillment is that love's passion and compassion, its feeling and its work, become united in the relation between husband and wife.

Love Is Blind

The expression "love is blind" suggests the power that is present in the feeling of love. Love's feeling can make one creatively "blind" to faults which otherwise might threaten a relation between two people. We can excuse in those we

love what in another person would be a source of annoyance. If desire is strong enough, we gladly affirm the other person—"warts and all." But when two people are required to live together, when their lives become intertwined in children, when they stand as a pair—indeed as one—in the eyes of all other people, it is hard to remain "blind," and the "blindness" that once was may lose its healing power and become a source of regret. When feelings wane, the work of love is required to carry husband and wife over a thousand little and big irritations; to make the wife patient and understanding in the husband's preoccupation with his work; to make the husband appreciative and tender in the wife's concerns with home and children; to reconcile differences over finances, in-laws, vacation trips, and the like; to forgive offenses and overcome unworthinesses. The work of love makes the feeling of love possible. The feeling of love sanctifies the work of love.

Grace in Love

Both emotion and effort are necessary to genuine love and joyous marriage. How do they come about? What causes them? They are the fruit of still another dimension of love. That, for want of any more adequate term, we call "grace."

Relations between persons, particularly in the bonds of marriage, may be powerful beyond the ability of either or both parties to control. In all too many cases, no emotion, no effort can save or redeem a relation that has become empty and



"I want you to come meet a friend"

destructive of all that is human in either person. Given the risks of intimacy, of knowing too much about

another person and ourselves; given the difficulties with which any of us enters into true communication with another; given the inclinations of all of us to pride and ruthless self-interest, the amazing thing is that, in spite of all this, love can exist, our solitude can be overcome, and we can meaningfully penetrate the life of another. When this happens it will always be an occasion for rejoicing in gratitude for God's grace. It will not be our achievement or our reward, but our unmerited gift.

A true marriage is a mutual sentiment and an ethical responsibility. Yes. But finally it is these because it is a sacrament, a creation of grace by which we are made capable of loving through all the nuances of living together "til death do us part."



WASHINGTON DAFFYNITIONS AND CHATTER

Work Days: An unfortunate lapse of time occurring somewhere between paid holidays, sick and annual leaves.

Coffee Break: About the only break federal workers feel they get.

Salary: A stipend, part of which is withheld biweekly, the balance returnable on April 15.

—Quote

"I broke my engagement," the girl friend confided to her friend. "My feelings are changed completely from what they were when I accepted him."

"But why do you still wear the ring?" asked the friend.

"Oh," replied the girl in surprise, "my feelings toward the ring are just the same."

—Art of Living Successfully

QUESTION: What is the best way to test the temperature of baby bath?

ANSWER: When you put the baby in, if it turns red, the bath is too hot; if the baby turns blue, the bath is too cold; if it turns white, the baby needs a bath.

—A. W. STINSON

A TIME FOR HEROES

By JOSEPH J. WALTHERS

Struggle of a stepfather to win a boy's love

AS he drove up to his house after work and caught sight of nine-year-old Petey, Alec Newhall felt again with aching suddenness the frustration and bewilderment that seemed to be a part of his life with the boy.

Petey was playing catch in the front yard with another youngster. Alec parked in front of the garage and leaned out the car window.

"Hi, fella," he called cheerfully to his step-son. "How was school today?"

Petey caught the baseball tossed to him and stood for a moment, examining the stitches, his back to Alec. He was a pitcher in the Little League.

"Okay," he said finally, and threw side-arm to his companion.

Alec tried to tell himself that this was the way with boys. But he knew better. Deep inside he knew better. Even though until six months ago he had had no boy of his own. Or a wife, either. Now he had both—and he was happy, so very happy with Louise.

But Petey—Louise's son—was still

as remote from him as he was that first day they had met and Alec had tried to make friends with him.

That was the day Louise Master-son had returned home to Clinton, after Captain Jim Masterson's funeral. Jim had been killed testing a new jet for the air force. The three of them had been friends ever since high school in Clinton. Even after Jim had won Louise. Alec had never found time to get married. There was his war service and then the logging supply business to be built up from scratch. But the day Louise returned the years had rolled back, and it seemed like the most natural thing in the world to want to take care of her and Petey.

Alec got out of the car and stood beside it in the early June evening, watching the sturdy, compact figure of Petey. From sneakers to crew cut, he was all boy, and Alec loved him very much. Standing there now, Alec desperately wanted him to turn around and toss the ball to him and ask him to play. He longed for Petey to say, "Yes, Dad," instead of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir."

But Petey's own private world excluded Alex. His friend, Buddsy, his hamster, Imp, his Dalmatian, and Louise—these made up Petey's world.

ALEC went through the large garage and into the gleaming kitchen of the new house he had bought for his new family. Louise was setting the dining-room table. She looked fresh and pretty and far younger than her thirty-five years. He went over and held her very close when he kissed her.

"My!" she said, taking a deep breath. "*That* was something." She laughed up at him, her face radiant and flushed.

"Never do things half way," Alec said, smiling, pleased with the result.

"Well . . . I should say not."

He washed up and came back to the kitchen and sat down in the breakfast nook where he could watch her and also watch Petey through the bay window.

He thought, this is Monday. After dinner, Petey would watch the Lone Scout and his great horse Fury on television. The Lone Scout was his favorite hero. Then there were the lesser heroes like Flash Gordon, cavalry lieutenant Rip Sanders, and Sergeant Preston. Heroes who fired the imaginations of nine-year-old Petey with their wondrous deeds of daring, strength, and courage. Maybe . . . maybe they all reminded Petey of Captain Jim Masterson, jet pilot . . .

Alec said suddenly with a trace of bitterness, "My batting average

is still pretty low with your Petey."

Louise threw him a quick look that was full of understanding.

She said, "He's still young. Time will take care of it."

"But I want him now, Louise! He's at such a great age. I want to wrestle and play and be a pal with him. He needs that as much . . . as much as I do."

She brushed her hands on her apron and came over to him.

"Just keep trying, darling," she said softly. "It's not your fault. It's just that Jim was so close to him." She put her warm cheek against his, and her tenderness was something he was deeply grateful for.

"Dinner's almost ready now," she told him, squeezing his hand. "Call Petey, won't you?"

EVERY evening it was the same. First, Petey would feed the hamster, crooning to him as he poured the seed-like food into Buddsy's cage in his room. Then he filled Imp's dish and saw to it that the dog had fresh water, all the time watching over him to see that he ate properly. Alec could feel the love and affection that Petey lavished on the animals that Jim had bought him at his last station.

Keep trying, Louise had said. He had wanted to get Petey another dog, another hamster. So Petey would have something of Alec's, too. But Petey in his distant, respectful way had thanked him, and let him know that all he wanted was Imp and Buddsy. They were, Alec knew, a tie to the past, a tie with Jim, who was gone.

Jim had left one bright morning in his air force uniform, just like he had so many other mornings, only Petey didn't know he was leaving for good. Louise had told him how Petey had clung to Jim that morning, pleading for him not to go, because Father's Day was near Petey wanted his dad to go to the stores in the city, so he could get some idea of what he would especially like for Father's Day.

Afterwards—for a long time afterwards—Louise said she couldn't convince him that Jim wasn't coming back.

Now another Father's Day was almost here, Alec thought. And Petey had another father. Only he didn't call him dad, or appear to accept him—even if Alec did attend all the Little League games and the cub-pack meetings, and did his best to be a big part of Petey's life.

Alec kept the dinner conversation going with Louise, always trying to draw Petey into it in a gentle way. He wondered, What if Petey never did feel love and affection for him? He caught Petey looking at him from under lowered eyes as Louise brought the dessert. In a flash, Petey's gaze was elsewhere.

"Almost time for the Lone Scout, Petey," Louise said.

As Petey excused himself and went into the family room followed by Imp, Alec smiled sadly. It was time for another hero—a make-believe cowboy and two holstered forty-fives that clung to his slim hips.

"Wait a minute!" Alec cried. "I got a uniform!"

As Louise stared at him in sur-

prise, Alec hurried down to the basement, smitten with the brilliance of his idea. Petey had never seen him in his army clothes. How could he? Alec hadn't worn them for years—not since he was discharged as a first lieutenant in the engineers. Heaving odds and ends about in a trunk, Alec came up with a shirt, tie, pinks, and officer's blouse. Wrinkled, sure. But the silver bars were still bright.

The visored cap was squashed, but that only gave it a rakish air. There were even a few—too few—ribbons on the blouse.

It took only minutes to change. The pinks just barely met around his middle, and the blouse constricted



"'I'll be here, Peter,' he told him"

his breathing. But the ribbons looked fine.

Alec bounded up the stairs. At the top, he pulled in his stomach and threw back his shoulders. Then he strode into the family room.

Grinning, he said, "Petey, I don't think you ever saw—"

The stark look of shock on Petey's round face stopped him. The boy seemed to shrink into himself until suddenly he leaped from his chair and ran blindly with a sob to his room as the sound of the thundering hoofs of the great horse Fury filled the air.

Petey's reaction was so unexpected it left Alec speechless. He felt his shoulders sag, and he turned with a helpless, stricken expression to Louise, who had been adjusting the television set.

More clearly than words his eyes asked, What have I done?

Her look expressed compassion as she watched him standing there in his battered uniform.

"Go to him, Alec," she said with gentleness. "Now."

It took all the courage he had to step into Petey's room. Face down on his bed, his arm thrown around Imp who was crouched beside him, the boy was crying wretchedly.

His own suffering just as acute, Alec sat down alongside Petey and with awkward tenderness put his hand on the youngster's shoulder.

"What's the trouble, son?" There was a hoarse tremble to his voice that he couldn't control.

Petey's small body shuddered under his hand. Alec patted him, trying to soothe him, groping for a way to reach him.

"Can't you tell me?" Please, Petey, he prayed. Please.

"You're—you're going away," Petey sobbed, clenching and unclenching his little fists. "You won't—won't be here for—for Father's Day like other dads."

The gates, ever wide in his heart, opened even more fully then, and in one swift movement Alec swept the boy into his arms, pressing him close to the wrinkled green of his blouse.

"I'll be here, Petey," he told him, the words choking up in his throat, the tears misting his eyes. "I'm not going anywhere, believe me. I was just showing you how I looked in a uniform. I'll be here for Father's Day—every Father's Day. You couldn't move me with a ten-ton truck."

He couldn't see Louise too clearly in the doorway, but he smiled at her, nodding his head as he rocked Petey slowly back and forth, feeling the boy clinging hard to him.

"No, sir," he whispered with a strong huskiness. "Your dad will be here."

■ ■

A mother gave her little girl a sack of candy, saying, "There are 22 pieces to share with your little brother. How many will he get?"

"Nine," said the little girl.

"Now you can count better than that, can't you," replied the mother.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the tot in a flash, "but he can't."

—A. W. STINSON

Take a candid camera shot of your family. What tensions do you find there? Are you creating a home beautiful? What can you do about it? The author of this article gives some excellent hints on how to maintain family togetherness

Developing a Christian Family in Today's World

By KARL A. OLSSON

FOR the most of us the word *family* is like the sound of a golden bell. We think of the family gathered on a winter evening in the farm kitchen. The chores are done; the cattle safe in their stalls. Snow rustles softly against the pane, a fire roars in the stove; around the big round table the children are at their lessons, munching frosty apples. Here is contentment. Here is peace.

Or we conjure up the family of the future: a sprawling ranch house drenched in sunlight and the hot scent of roses. You in clean white T-shirt, Bermuda shorts, and straw sandals as the grinning family man; a lovely blonde in an impeccable sun dress, a broad-brimmed hat, and garden gauntlets, smiling softly; she is the mother of two absolute pearls—curly-haired, sturdy-legged little cherubs, your children.

Candid Camera Shot

Actually, this family picture has been "retouched." Nearly all families have crystal moments, but they are not common. Most families live in tension. You drive to the hospital and you pick up your wife and a blue bundle and you have signed a contract for twenty years of concern, and worry, and anxiety, and heartache. It begins with the first bottle and the first diaper and the first bewilderment when nothing will make him stop yelling and it continues through falls, sprains, breaks, bloody noses, braces for his teeth, and endless consolation and slaps on back because he warms the bench. In between there are minor problems like grades, girls, his relation to the draft board, and sex. "See here, old man. . . ."

What Shall This Child Be?

The question was asked by some people in the hill country of Judea, attending the christening of John the Baptist. Neighbors have a way of asking that question, "I wonder what's going to happen to that kid?" The answer is all ours. The child will have some things which he has inherited: the color of his eyes, the way his hair curls or doesn't, but what he makes of what he has is in our laps as parents.

There has been a lot of talk about delinquent parents and we get the image of papa and mama bending the elbow at the corner tavern while Joe and Judy live it up in the cold tenement. There are parents who do too little. But there are delinquent parents of another stripe. Parents who do too much. It's a kind of laziness. The dishes need to be done or the walk shoveled. The hard thing is to teach a child his responsibility as a family citizen. The easy thing is to do the thing yourself. Or Susy wants too long a leash. Late hours and a crowd slightly tainted. The easy thing is to relax and be the good Joe. The hard thing is to refuse and to reason.

God Help Us at Breakfast!

There is a way of bringing God to the breakfast table. The family altar is a wonderful idea and cuts a groove for thinking and praying. If you can create a lull in the storm of popping toasters, rushing shower water, and shrieks for the bathroom, and the uneasy mixture of morning surliness and advanced mayhem among the younger inmates, by all

means give a few moments to God.

But there are informal moments, too. Some families have a kind of quiz program around a Bible passage. The passage is read. Each member of the family is asked to answer one question on the content. If he fails, the verse is re-read. When the meaning of the story is grasped, it is talked about with everybody kicking in an opinion. Question: Was the father in the parable too easy on the prodigal son? Question: What does the Apostle Paul mean in Colossians 3:21 when he says, "Fathers, do not provoke your children, lest they become discouraged"? (Loud shouts from the moppets.)

The Family Pew

And going to church. Here is a way in which God can help us. The main idea is regularity and togetherness. Yes, we go as a family. Papa does not plead weariness and collapse with the funnies. Mama does not hold her head like an "ad" for aspirin. The children do not mewl, "But Stanley doesn't have to go." We all go and after years of singing and praying and being occasionally bored together, the water has worn away the stone. Thirty years from now Junior will be saying at a meeting of the vestry, "Thank God, the old man wanted us in church."

Town Hall at Home

The togetherness of the family is seen in discussion and choice-making. The family is a society for the promotion of sensible judgment. The

children should be given the say proportionate to their maturity. If the family is about to buy a car, take a vacation, re-do the house, the children have a right to be heard since all of these things affect them. This does not mean that the children make the decision, but they share in its making. If the family has been steeped in Christian values, the choice will reflect such values. The children will know the difference between "show" and usefulness. They will give their opinions on the silliness of "keeping up with the Joneses"; on the stewardship of money and time.

Wider Loyalties

It may seem to be strange that after this boost for the family we press for wider loyalties. But the Christian house has windows opening out on the world. The test of a good family is not that the children want only to stay home. This may be a sign of sickness. Children must hence be weaned from the too much "in-group" feeling. They must learn to accept the community around them with all its differences in color of skin, wealth, prestige, habits, traditions, and ideas. This dive into the hurly-burly of life must of course be gradual and without loss of family feeling. The child goes out into the world but he comes home in the evening. The contact with the community is filled with risks. There may be rebellion against the family, a certain sullenness about listening to the moral saws which is the parent's stock in trade. There may be experimentation also, toying with

fire. In all of this the anxiety of the parent grows. All seems to be at stake. But panic must be avoided at all costs. The parent still holds the reins and these can be neither too slack or too taut. But more powerful than any outward control is the commitment to the real values in which the family has been nourished.

Family by Mail

The modern father, especially if he is in the armed forces, must accustom his family and himself to frequent and sometimes long separations. What happens to the family during this time? What happens to him? There is no question that this dispersed life represents a risk to family values. Marriage is based on a togetherness of bodies and the family too is held together by being crowded around the same table and by having to compete for the same bathroom, TV set, and car. An important truth nevertheless is that both marriage and family are more than physical togetherness; they are holy unions. The Christian home is bound together by bonds of affection and understanding. If an absence occurs, these bonds must be strengthened by an ongoing sharing of family life. Thousands of servicemen during World War II and the Korean War, forcibly separated from their families for months and even years, maintained the family bond by regular correspondence (the daily letter, however, brief is best), by praying for one another, by attending worship, by reading the same books and the same passages of Scripture, by "counting in" the ab-

sent partner, by photographs and gifts. The *concreteness* of the link is important. The handwriting, the stationery, the personal planning which has gone into the letter and gift—all of these things help to strengthen the bond. "That's just like Sam," she says, "that's the sort of thing he would do or say."

Family on Wheels

America is a nation on the move. According to the best available statistics about twenty per cent of the American people move to another community annually. This is a frightening trek because families are held together by houses, backyards, neighbors, communities. Children are given a feeling of security by going to the same church, the same school. And, let's face it, we are all held in check morally and spiritually by people who know us.

But the trend can't be reversed. We are going to keep moving, perhaps more and more. What happens

to the family? It is clear that the family becomes at once more important and more difficult to hold together. If the family bonds are thin and superficial, rattling around is going to mean disaster. But if the family is like "a tree planted by the rivers" in the midst of its geographical rootlessness, it can become a source of both security and growth.

During a visit to Frankfurt, Germany, last summer I was impressed with the enthusiasm with which the families of the U.S. military and civilian personnel were entering into the army chapel program. Uprooted from their American soil, they were discovering in this provisional Christian church the spiritual stability and strength which they needed. It is true in many respects that "the family which worships together stays together," even if the vision of the farmhouse kitchen and the sprawling ranch house, with which we introduced our study, never come true.



Strange Squares

Dee Williams, former Cub catcher, silently watched one of his team mates jawing away at Umpire Charlie Berry. Naturally the player lost the argument and everybody started moving back to their positions. It was then that Dee turned to Berry.

"Charlie," he said quietly, "answer me one question: How do you get your square head in that round mask?"

—Scholastic Coach

"Thieves!" screamed the sales manager to his secretary after glancing through his sales force expense account. "Thieves—every last one of them!"

Then, picking a name at random, he barked, "Get Miller up here!"

In a few minutes the salesman stood before him. "Okay, Miller, let's have an explanation for your expenses: This one for food. How the devil can you spend \$16 a day for food in Peoria?"

"Oh," beamed the salesman modestly. "I just go without lunch."

—E. E. KENYON, *American Weekly*



The Cameo

By HAROLD HELFER

What was behind the search for the lost cameo?

OPERATING a travel agency, of course, you meet all sorts of people. It is hard for me to say for sure if I would have remembered this old couple if it weren't for the cameo business, but they were very sweet and nice, at that.

They must have been in their sixties, both white-haired and slow of movement with the slowness that comes with age. I had an idea that actually they were both a little bowed but they didn't look it because they always stood there so straight and staunchly when they came to my office and their eyes sparkled so.

They were getting married and wanted a beautiful and romantic honeymoon in the most classical sense. So I mapped them out an itinerary with that in mind: Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, Naples, Geneva, Athens, the works.

As we worked out the details, the exact day-by-day schedule, hotels, sidetrips, sometimes both of them would show up and sometimes the

white-haired groom-to-be would be by himself. But there was always a breathless excitement about their visits, a feeling of wonder.

Of course, this may not be altogether too rare when working out long-range trips, especially of the honeymoon variety. And I suppose it is useless to speculate whether the old couple would have stood out in mind, or how long I may have remembered them, if it weren't for this business about the cameo.

For that matter, I don't think I have any recollection of the old fellow coming by for the tickets. And I doubt if I have any real impression of his first visit or two to my office afterwards.

Travel agencies keep pretty busy these days, as you know. And it is not particularly the most uncommon thing in the world for some returning traveler to discover that he has left something or other behind on his journey.

There isn't much more you can suggest, of course, than that they

should write to the hotels where they've been and then hope for the best. And so it must have been on the old guy's second or third visit to me that I told him, "Well, if you've written to all the hotels where you visited, as I suggested, and they say they haven't found it, well, I don't know that there's much more that can be done."

"But, you don't understand, this cameo, I've got to have it—"

I sighed. "You don't have any idea at all in which hotel the cameo might have been lost?"

"No, and I can't be sure it was lost in a hotel. I think, though, it must have been lost toward the end of the trip, else the fact that it was missing would have been noticed."

"And you didn't realize it was missing until you got back?"

"It was on the ship coming back. The purser was notified immediately. But no one had turned it in and, although the stewards and everyone

were asked to keep a sharp outlook for it, it was never found. My own feeling is that it must have been lost before boarding it."

I sighed again. "You must remember, sir, you were on an extensive trip. All the way from Edinburgh to Athens. And you aren't sure where it was lost along the journey."

"But I must have the cameo back! It is a likeness of Ella. It simply must be found!"

And some people think running a travel agency is more or less a simple thing! Just imagine that! I told him, "Let me have a list of the hotels you stayed in abroad. I'll contact representation of this agency in these towns and have them get in touch with these hotels personally."

THE white-haired man was most grateful for this and the thanks showed in his eyes. Well, of course, we do try to be of service to people. But, although I tried to be as nice and considerate as I could to the old man, he was soon making a nuisance of himself. At least twice a week or so he'd be back at my agency to see if there was any word of the cameo.

Even when I finally told him that I'd heard from all the representatives in all the towns and they'd all reported they'd personally contacted the hotels without any luck, he still kept coming back. "If it was just an ordinary cameo—" he said haltingly. "But it is a silhouette of Ella. It means everything in the world to me."

"Look, old timer," I told him, trying not to fly off the handle, "this



"But I must have the cameo back!"

is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Even worse—it's like looking for one in a dozen haystacks. I mean to say—"

"Perhaps it was lost in a restaurant," he broke in thoughtfully. "I think I could give you a pretty complete list of the restaurants."

"All right," I interrupted with a grouse, "let me have the list; next chance I have to get in touch with the representatives I'll tell them about this."

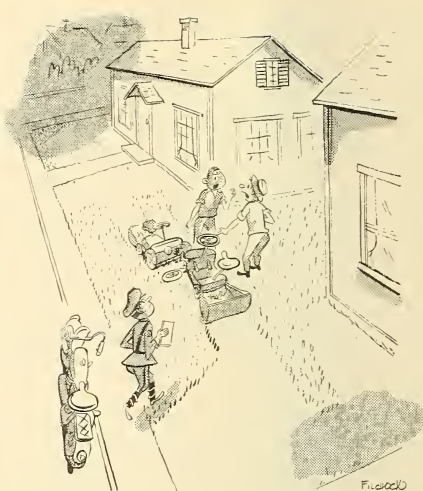
So again the white-haired guy became a regular visitor to the agency. Before that line of inquiry was exhausted, he was really getting under my skin. Once he said, "Do you think it might have been turned into the police in one of those towns?" I didn't argue much with him. I just gritted my teeth and said, "The chances are less than one in ten million that anything like that would happen, but I'll see what I can do about checking this."

That got rid of him for that time. But, of course, he was back two or three days later. And two or three days after that. And so on.

Finally—rather abruptly, I suppose—I told him: "Well, all the police in all the towns have been contacted by our representatives. The report is completely negative. I'm afraid that ends all the avenues of inquiry. You must acknowledge now the fact that the cameo has been lost."

He seemed utterly crestfallen now. "But the cameo must be found!" he cried. "I can't accept it as being lost forever!"

I tried to sound somewhat kind-



ly but I'm afraid my words had a decided edge to them. "Look, there are more important things in the world than cameos, you know. After all, you've had a nice honeymoon, you've got a nice bride—"

Something in his eyes stopped me. Finally, after quite a long pause, he murmured, "Oh, but there was no honeymoon. Ella died a few days before. I took the trip by myself—and the cameo . . ."

So that's why, silly as I know it may sound, whenever my patrons return from their European trips and drop by for some reason or other, I always say to them, "Oh, by the way, did you happen to find a cameo somewhere along the way?" ■ ■

Children don't change the face of the earth; just those of their parents.

—KEN SHIVELY

EMILY—

White Apache

Story of an Apache girl who fell in love with a young officer and gave her life to warn of an Indian attack

OLD Fort Davis was established in 1854 in the Big Bend country of Texas, in the very heart of the Mescalero Apache territory. Under the leadership of the chief Espejo, the Apaches fought this fort like madmen to regain their red cliffs and their long deep canyons, their grassy hunting grounds and their prized water holes.

The fort had guts but that's about all. The usual complement of men ran to only a scant hundred and fifty, hardly enough to beat off a large force of attackers. Espejo, looking down from his fortress in the adjacent mountains, knew what the situation was, and laid elaborate plans to wipe the fort out of his valley in one grand, final sweep. So sure was he of victory that he even brought along the women and children of his village to share the glory and to later sort out and remove the loot he intended to carry away.

But one thing he did not know. A company of freighters had come in

from the Chihuahua Trail, and these extra guns were the difference between victory and defeat for the Apaches, and life and death for the white people. Espejo's attack was brutally swift and once it began, the defenders scarcely had time to take aim, but so great was the crush of Indians that scarcely a bullet fled the confines of their rifles without making a strike.

When the Apaches withdrew at last they carried with them as many dead and wounded as they could, but some were left behind, and of these, one was an Indian girl—a blazing-eyed, defiant Apache girl who shrank with loathing from the hands that reached out to help her, whose lips curled with scorn and hatred at the White-Eyes who spoke to her. But whether she liked it or not she was cared for in the white man's way. Her wound was treated. She was cleaned, more in one day than in all her years of Apache life. She was fed foods that delighted her.

There was no question of her leaving. The soldiers could not return her themselves, and to turn her loose in the wild country alone was the same as murder. She was given into the care of a Mrs. Easton and from her she learned the ways of the white people and the depth of the white peoples' compassion and love and affection. She gave in slowly, but gradually the awful yearning for her own people faded, and at last the day came when she looked full at the shaded crags of the Davis Mountains, smiled gently, and turned away at peace with herself.

Mrs. Easton called her Emily, and she came to love the name, though she found its softness strange on the tongue that was used to harsh Apache words. She came also to have a deep affection for Mrs. Easton and served her willingly both as a domestic and a daily companion. But most of all, more than anything or anyone, she came to love Mrs. Easton's son.

YOUNG Lieutenant Tom never knew. An Apache woman was by nature undemonstrative, and neither Emily's actions nor her glances gave her away. Deep in her eyes could be seen a soft glow when he entered a room, and there was a sadness on her tongue when she spoke his name, but that was all. Outwardly she remained toward him only what she had been before the love started—an Indian girl who laughed at his good-natured teasings, a comrade who listened to his troubles, a friend who would do anything in the world for him.

And so it went. But sometimes not too long after she fell in love, Lieutenant Tom came home with a strange girl clinging to his arm, with the sober, proud announcement that he was going to be married. Even then, not a muscle of Emily's face betrayed her. She smiled and there were none who noticed that she smiled with her lips alone, that her dark eyes suddenly shadowed, and that she turned and left the room almost before the smile faded. In the morning she was gone, and neither the ground around the house nor the trail leading out of Fort Davis nor the rocky land that rose into the mountains showed signs of her passing.

It was useless to search for her. Weeks passed, then months, then more than a year, and in all that time they did not hear from her. There were rumors of fresh Apache outbreaks in the territory and the daily fear of attack gave the Eastons other things to think about, but they talked of Emily often, and always there was the wonder of her disappearance. Mrs. Easton said once, sadly, as if Emily had been her own daughter, "Why—*why* did she leave? If we knew that—"

But there was no way of knowing, any more than they could know that Emily, safe in an Apache rancheria deep in the mountains thought of them, too—that she sat for hours dreaming into the camp-fire lost in the memories she had carried with her when she returned to her people. Nor could they know that she turned cold, indifferent eyes on the warriors who spoke to her

of marriage and refused them all. The Eastons could only know that she was gone, and that she would probably never return.

TROUBLE with the Apaches mounted around the fort. Victorio was their newest leader, and he led bold daylight attacks on small settlements, made deadly strikes against travelers and stagecoaches, and promoted raids that swept away herd after herd of precious cattle. The fort watches were doubled, defenses were strengthened, supplies were carefully put away against possible siege—a thousand steps were taken to avoid annihilation if attack should come.

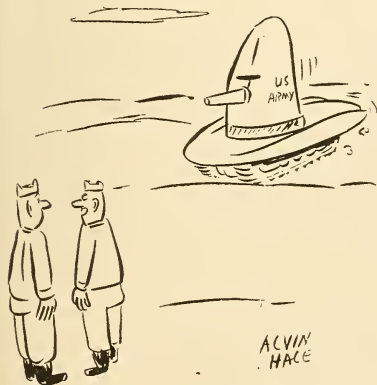
Soldiers turned grim under the strain and snapped at each other, and their nerves played tricks on them—shadows in the night became creeping Apaches, giant rocks were soft-padding war ponies, miniature sproutings of cottonwoods were

metal-tipped lances trembling in the hands of unseen warriors. Sometime during one of the endless, dangerous nights a rock skidded down a nearby slope, and there was the sound of a foot scraping along gravel. The sentry called out, and all other men on duty hugged their posts and raised their guns cheek-high ready for use. There was the crack of a single rifle in the hands of one, a strangled scream, a moment of stunned silence—and then a fort sprang to life.

An enlisted man bent over the silent figure on the ground, rolling its face up for all to see. Emily had returned, and this time she would not leave. She was carried to the Colonel's house and tended as gently as on the day Espejo had left her behind. Mrs. Easton was sent for, and it was she who bent over Emily and pushed the damp hair from her forehead and tried to understand the words that stumbled so haltingly from Emily's lips. "My people come with the light of the new day—" The pale lips quivered ever so slightly. "I tell you, so Lieutenant Tom does not die."

MRS. Easton knew at last why Emily had left her, and her eyes were full of compassion as she bent low to stroke the soft cheek. She was still beside her when she died.

Many Apache warriors joined Emily at dawn. Never had the soldiers of Fort Davis fought so well or with such purpose, and the Apaches fell before their long guns like blades of grass in a brush fire.



"That's those Texas boys
I was telling you about"

Emily was buried at the foot of the mountain, near the rushing waters of Limpia Creek. A headboard was put up, a rough-hewn one, with its ugliness softened by the embarrassed, tongue-in-cheek legend:

**"INDIAN SQUAW—KILLED BY
ACCIDENT"**

The grave was pointed out to all who entered the fort, and the story of Emily spread throughout the Big Bend country.

But the passing of time was not kind to her little wooden memorial. The inscription went first, and then bit by bit the board itself rotted away until there was nothing left

but a little mound of stones to mark the grave.

In 1936 a new monument, a fine one of granite, was erected and it stands today with the symbolic Star of Texas at its top, while below, carved deep to protect it from the elements is the most fitting memorial of all:

**"HERE LIES INDIAN EMILY
AN APACHE GIRL
WHOSE LOVE FOR A
YOUNG OFFICER INDUCED
HER TO GIVE WARNING OF
AN INDIAN ATTACK.
MISTAKEN FOR AN ENEMY
SHE WAS SHOT BY A
SENTRY, BUT SAVED THE
GARRISON FROM MASSACRE."**

DEMPSEY CONTROLS HIS TEMPER

Mr. Jack Dempsey, accompanied by his impressario, Mr. Jack Kearnes, was in a subway rush when a husky stranger trod with emphasis on the champion's toes and violently rammed a sharp elbow into the champ's short ribs.

The intent was obvious. It plainly was not carelessness. The other person had chosen deliberately to be offensive.

As Mr. Dempsey winced with pain and rage, Mr. Kearnes said:

"Jack, are you going to stand for that sort of stuff?"

"I am not," answered Mr. Dempsey, with fire in his voice.

Dempsey turned on his heel, overtook the departing offender, caught him by the coat lapel, swung him around and said to him:

"Listen you. For two pins, three-fourths of the gate receipts, a guarantee of eight hundred thousand dollars, and seventy-five per cent of the motion-picture rights, I'd give you a punch in the nose."

—RUBY L. WASHINGTON

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS

THE LINK is first of all a reading magazine, containing interesting articles, stories, and short pieces. But it is also a program guide. Many of the articles will be useful as resources for discussion and action. Say you have a group which meets for fellowship on Sunday night, or Tuesday night, or any other night, and you want to probe into the deeper meanings of your faith. Pass out copies of THE LINK one week, point out the article to be discussed next week, and ask all the fellows to read and think about the article in the meantime. Next week when you meet, you do not "pool your ignorance," as they say, but you have something solid and concrete to chew on. If you don't have such groups, get together informally; organize bull sessions; and the like. Remember, "there is no such thing as solitary religion."

You will soon discover that the theme for this month is the Christian home. In ascending order, here are four study articles: "What Is Love?" by Roy Burkhart, page 20; "A Date or a Mate," by Jim Ashbrook, page 37; "How to Get Along with Your Mate," by Robert Gessert, page 45; and "Developing a Christian Family in Today's World," by Karl Olsson, page 52.

And here's an important article you can discuss all month: "A Christian View of Sex" by William Hamilton. This is one of the best articles we've ever seen on the subject of pre-marital chastity.

Are all these ideas vague and theoretical? Not on your life. To show you that they are very down-to-earth and make for real happiness, we are showing you through the pen of Gaspard St. Onge the home of popular movie and television star Pat Boone. Pat has made a name for himself as a stalwart, honest, pure young man who gives his love and devotion to his wife.

The home and the church must work together in the program of Christian teaching, so the article on the World Convention of Christian Education to be held in Tokyo, Japan, August 6-13, is therefore appropriate.

Now here are some questions which will help to open up discussion on this important theme of the Christian home: 1. What is love? 2. Why should we speak of "growing into love" instead of "falling in love?" 3. Discuss the difference between immature love which says, "I love you because I need you," and mature love which says, "I need you because I love you." 4. What qualities do you want in a girl as a mate? How do these differ from the qualities in a girl as a date? 5. What kinds of experiences help you and your girl really to know each other? 6. How is love blind? 7. What part can Christian faith play in family togetherness? 8. How much should Christian parents do for children and what should they expect children to do for themselves?

AT EASE!



"Why couldn't those lazy dames come down stream to us for a change?"

There are bigger things in life than money—bills!

—Josh Jenkins in *Pageant*.

Women are unpredictable. You never know how they're going to manage to get their own way.

—Beatrice Mann in *Buck Bits*

Officials of the Mitchel Air Force Base, New York, received the following letter from a home-owner living near the end of a runway: "Please don't use this runway before noon on Saturday. I am going to show my house to a prospective buyer."

—Doris B. Horn in *Coronet*

"I hope you won't scold me," said the woman to her husband, "but I was absolutely outspoken at the meeting today."

"No-o-o!" replied the amazed man. "By whom?"

"Let's put it this way, Mr. Jones," said the car salesman, "what do you want most out of your new car?" "That's easy," was the reply. "My teen-age son!"

Comedian George De Witt tells of the pretty nurse in a Hollywood hospital who rushed out of a room into the corridor, calling excitedly for the doctor of her actor patient.

"I think he's delirious, doctor," she panted. "He keeps asking for his wife."

—E. E. Kenyson in *American Weekly*

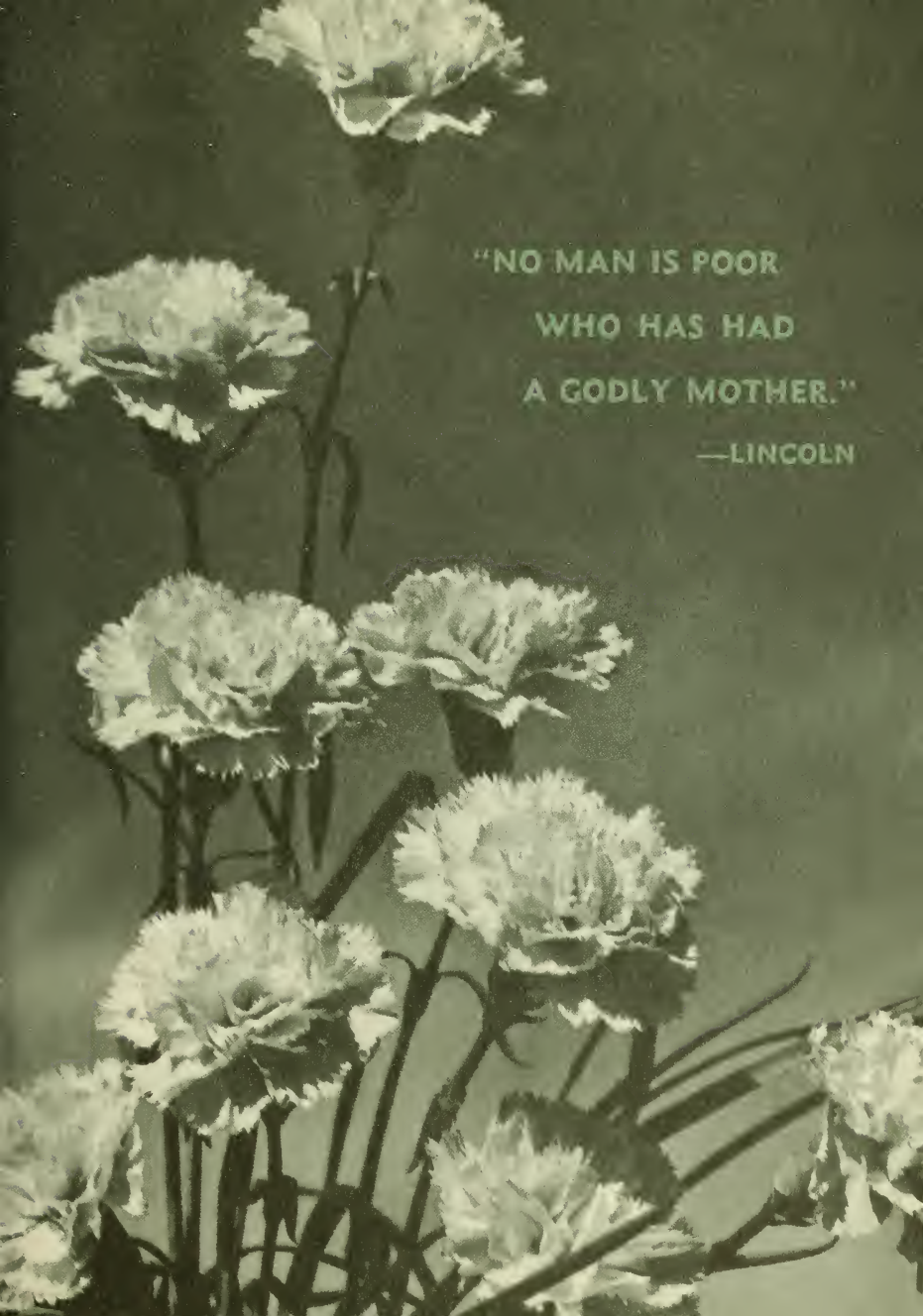
The wife of one of the defensive tackles on the Detroit Lions admitted: "It's really exciting to be married to a professional tackle. Every time he comes home he looks like a different person."

—Scholastic Coach

Personnel Manager to Applicant: "What we're after is a man of vision; a man with drive, determination, fire; a man who never quits; a man who can inspire others; a man who can pull the company's bowling team out of last place."

—*Christian Science Monitor*

An opportunist is a man who, finding himself in hot water, decides to take a bath.

A black and white photograph of carnations. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some showing the characteristic ruffled petals. The stems are dark and slender, with some leaves visible. The background is a solid, dark color, making the light-colored flowers stand out. The quote is printed in a serif font, centered in the upper right portion of the image.

"NO MAN IS POOR
WHO HAS HAD
A GODLY MOTHER."

—LINCOLN



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